

(1926, June, Rome.

E--1806. ~~1806~~

April saw the end of committee arguments over the census program. May was spent in strenuous effort to get the program printed and distributed. June was to see the beginning of the next stage of the program, travel to the capitals of all countries to enlist their cooperation in the enterprise.

June 1 opened clear and hot. Dictated letters to the heads of agricultural and statistical departments of the European governments notifying them of the approximate date of ^{my} visit and its purpose. Ascertained that my salary and the first instalment of travel funds had been deposited with the American Express Company. Received from the Secretary General a certificate of my official employment with the Institute which I took to the Russian Consulate and applied for a permit to enter Russia. The Consul was a very courteous elderly gentleman who spoke French about as well as I did. He gave me some blank forms to fill out. ^{At} ~~A~~ the the American Express I purchased a supply of travelers checks. Received a letter from the chief of the division of agricultural technique a ^{listing} ~~list~~ of subjects he wished me to discuss with agricultural officials of the countries I was to visit. Had a visit from a Mr. McMillan of Minneapolis who was interested in wheat and I got for him the latest reports. An English gentleman brought in three East Indian visitors who were interested in a country life conference that was to meet in Brussels in July. One of their number was an effeminate looking young prince and all were excessively polite. At Cook's agency I purchased transportation to Belgrade. Provided the printed copies of the census bulletin were delivered, I planned to leave Rome Friday, spend Saturday in Venice, and proceed Sunday to Belgrade.

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1926.

"Rome, June 1, 1926.

"Mr. Thomas P. Cooper,
"Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Cooper:

"On April 28 I forwarded copies of documents showing the history of the World Census Project to that date, and of the action taken by the General Assembly that adjourned on April 26.

"On April 29 the International Forestry Congress assembled at the Institute and was in session for about a week. I assume that Mr. Dana of the Forest Service, Mr. Hobson and other delegates will have sent in a full report concerning the action taken by this congress.

"Following the adjournment of the Forestry Congress I set about combining the two documents annexed to Report No. 9 of the General Assembly (Annexe and Annexe No. 2), in order that only one document containing the proposed standard form of census schedule and explanatory material might be sent to the various governments. Also I have been arranging notes and material regarding the organization and agriculture of the countries to be visited.

"I expected to leave Rome today, but we have had the usual experience with printers and I cannot get the proof before tomorrow so I am postponing my departure until the 4th.

"My itinerary will be about as follows:

Rome, leave June 4.

Belgrade, Yugoslavia, June 6--11.

Sofia, Bulgaria, June 12--17.

Athens, Greece, June 18--23.

Angora, Turkey, June 24--26.

Constantinople, June 27--28.

Bucharest, Roumania, June 29--July 4.

Budapest, Hungary, July 5--9.
Vienna, Austria, July 10--14.
Prague, Czechoslovakia, July 15--19
Berlin, Germany, July 20--25.
Warsaw, Poland, July 26--31.
Vilna, Lithuania, August 1--4.
Riga, Latvia, July 5--10.
Reval, Esthonia, August 11--16.
Moscow, U.R.S.S., August 17--25.
Leningrad, " , August 26--27.
Helsingfors, Finland, August 28--31.
Stockholm, Sweden, September 1--6.
Oslo, Norway, September 7--12.
Copenhagen, Denmark, September 13--18.
The Hague, Holland, September 19--26.
Brussels, Belgium, September 27--30.
London, England, October 1--7.
Edinburgh, Scotland, October 8--12.
Belfast, North Ireland, October 13--17.
Dublin, Irish Free State, October 18--24.
Paris, France, October 25--31.
Berne, Switzerland, November 1--4.
Geneva, " November 5--10.
Rome, Italy, November 12.

"I am hoping that it will be possible to economize time at some of these places. I have visas on my American passport for all these countries except Russia. Upon advice of the Russian Consul, I am making application for an authorization to enter and leave Russia, which will be forwarded to Moscow for consideration. The Consul seemed to think the application would be granted.

2054
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"Mail should continue to be addressed to me care of the Institute. Correspondence requiring my personal attention will be forwarded by my secretary, Miss Broad.

"Mr. Hobson left Rome about ten days ago. Before leaving he cabled the Bureau, after consulting me, to release the balance of my letter of authorization and asked that a portion of the amount released be transferred to his credit.

"Mr. Cottrell, Director of the Fixed Nitrogen Laboratory, was here the past week and, in the absence of Mr. Hobson, I have tried to facilitate his work.

"I have had little to report to the bureau during the past year mainly because my work has been within the four walls of an office. In future I shall expect to report regularly, not only the progress of the Census Project, but also observations on the agriculture I see, and information concerning the statistical organization and methods of the countries I visit.

"I hope all is well with you and yours. With best regards,
I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural
"Census Project."

(1926, June, Rome.

E--1807. *1067/62*

June 2, writing letters. Mr. Dore brought over some page proof of the French edition of the census bulletin. Revised the proof and sent it back within an hour. Dictated instructions to my secretary as to how the correspondence of the office should be handled during my absence. Left application for a permit to enter and leave Russia with the Soviet Consul, who promised to expedite the matter and have the permit sent ^t to the American Consul at Vienna. Arranged with the American Express to send for my trunks and store them during my absence. Was told that the next day was a holiday and the company could not send for the trunks until after I was to leave on the 4th. I felt extremely impatient to get on my way and realized that I was irritable because of the delay in delivering the printed material. Wished I might live in a country that did not have unexpected holidays every week or two.

Answered a very frank letter from little grayhaired Queen of Hearts saying that she had gone to Florence expecting to meet a gentleman whom she had every reason to believe was congenial and intended to propose marriage; that they were friends of long standing and marriage seemed to have many advantages for both; but the weather was unpropitious; it rained steadily for nearly two weeks and was cold, gloomy, and depressing; both she and her friend were affected adversely; without reaching any definite understanding, he left in disgust in search of sunnier skies, and she was left alone and lonely. It was such a letter as one would write to a near relative or lifelong friend, strictly confidential, of course, and I felt highly complimented and very sympathetic. A second letter followed by next mail, giving the impression that she realized she had been indiscreet. Hence the following: (Regina dei cuore, June 2, ~~blue~~ folder.

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(Reading get more, June 2, Wine folder.

(1926, June, Rome.

E--1808. ~~2056?~~

June 3 brought a heavy rain in the morning, so that to get to the office one had to wear raincoat, rubbers, and carry an umbrella. Before breakfast the men from the American Express came for my trunks. At the office I received five copies of the French edition of the census bulletin and was assured that copies would be mailed the same day to the officials I was to visit first. Mr. Longobardi and a messenger came over to collect ~~up~~ the books and documents I had borrowed from the statistical division and the library. Also he brought with him an outline of the organization of the Italian government and department of agriculture, as I had requested. I made the round of the Institute to say good by to the officials and principal employes, all of whom were very cordial. After luncheon I gave Guidi his weekly tip and said good by to Miss Broad. I returned to my rooms and began writing letters. At 5 p.m. Mrs. Greeley called at my apartment, after having been to the office. I was both annoyed and embarrassed but made the best of it by taking her in and introducing her to the landlady. Seeing that she showed no disposition to cut her visit short I suggested that we go out and have tea. We went to Rosetti's near the end of the bridge. She talked steadily and asked many questions and kept me until 7.45. When I said I must return to my rooms and finish packing she volunteered to walk back with me. It was only at the outer door that she seemed to realize that I wished to be alone and said good by, after inviting me to visit her in Vienna.

(Wife, June 3, ~~gray~~ folder.

(1926, June, Rome.

E_1809. 20/8/26

After finishing the letter to my wife I had a nice supper at the Umberto and on the way back stopped at Rosatti's for a whiskey and soda and a little music. I had the comfortable feeling of preparedness, the suspense was over, and now I was all ready to go. I would^d return to my rooms, retire at once, and get a good night's sleep, because this was to be my last night in Rome and thenceforward I would be travelling. But as soon as I reached my rooms Srs. Scolari, the landlady, came in and remained until midnight, talking mostly about her daughter at Vaxxar. Of course I appreciated her display of human interest and desire to make my last evening in her apartments pleasant, but I wished her visit had not been so long at that late hour.

Friday, June 4; Rome to Venice. It was a beautiful day, alternating bright sunshine, cumulous clouds, mist and showers on mountains and valley plains. I was up at 5.30 a.m., had coffee and rolls at 6, a taxi called at 6.30, said good by to Sra. Scolari and Mina, and with my bags was taken across the city in the bright sunshine to the railway station. I was shown into a compartment and my bags were stowed away on the racks. I was alone, had ample space, and was free to move about, smoke to my hearts content, and could regulate the window to suit myself.

I settled comfortably into the seat next to the window and lit a cigar. I was installed. Passengers were swarming over the platform, some of them were passing along the corridor, and I wondered if any of them would be shown into my compartment. There was the usual noise and bustle of a departing train and this train was five minutes behind time in starting. At last it began to move and still I was alone. "Ah," I said to myself, "at last we are off; the great adventure begins. The little Texas farmer boy is about to see the world as an official of the International Institute

1936, June, Rome.

1936, June

After finishing the letter to my wife I had a nice supper at the Umberto and on the way back stopped at Rossetti's for a whiskey and eggs and a little music. I had the comfortable feeling of preparedness, the suspense was over, and now I was all ready to go. I would return to my rooms, retire at once, and get a good night's sleep, because this was to be my last night in Rome and thereafter I would be travelling. But as soon as I reached my rooms Mrs. Scolar, the landlady, came in and remained until midnight, talking mostly about her daughter at Vassar. Of course I appreciated her display of human interest and desire to make my last evening in her apartments pleasant, but I wished her visit had not been so long at that late hour.

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(1926, June, Rome to Venice.

E--1810. 2084

of Agriculture at Rome and of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington. After eighteen months of study, uncertainty, and discussion with people who had all sorts of ideas about what is a farm, whether garlic should be included in the census, or newly hatched chickens should be counted and recorded, the census program is finally adopted and is not subject to change for two years until the next General Assembly meets.

P Fail to secure the cooperation of the different governments? Impossible. ~~Hadn't~~ I had only to meet the officials of departments of agriculture and statistical bureaus. Well, hadn't I grown up on a farm, hadn't I spent years discussing every conceivable technical question with the technical experts of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, ~~I~~ hadn't I reorganized and been at the head for ten years of the statistical bureau of my department, the greatest of its kind in the world, hadn't I visited almost every county in the United States, and hadn't I spent two years in the Argentine and reorganized its ~~agricultural~~ bureau of agricultural economics and statistics with great success and traveled over most of its agricultural provinces, and adjoining countries; and hadn't I made a concentrated study of agricultural statistics and economic geography, and learned to use two or three foreign languages with some facility; ~~and~~ hadn't I listed every imaginable criticism and objection to ~~an~~ agricultural census in any or all countries, and didn't I have an answer for every one of them; and on the whole didn't I really know more ^{than any other technician} about agriculture, world agriculture, practically and technically, and agricultural statistics and economics the same? Why, of course I did. I was prepared as no other man had ever been prepared, and was eager for the fray. I was prepared to meet any agricultural or statistical technician or peasant or business man, or a thousand of them, on

of Agriculture at Rome and of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington. After eighteen months of study, uncertainty, and discussion with people who had all sorts of ideas about what is a farm, whether people should be included in the census, or newly hatched chickens should be counted and recorded, the census program is finally adopted and is now subject to change for two years until the next General Assembly meets.

Half to secure the cooperation of the different governments; impossible. I had only to meet the officials of departments of agriculture and statistical bureaus. Well, hadn't I grown up on a farm, hadn't I spent years discussing every conceivable technical question with the technical experts of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, hadn't I reorganized and been at the head for ten years of the statistical bureau of my department, the greatest of its kind in the world, hadn't I visited almost every country in the United States, and hadn't I spent two years in the Argentine and reorganized its agricultural bureau of agricultural economics and statistics with great success and traveled over most of its agricultural provinces, and adjoining countries; and hadn't I made a concentrated study of agricultural statistics and economic geography, and learned to use two or three foreign languages with some facility; and hadn't I listed every imaginable criticism and objection to an agricultural census in any or all countries, and didn't I have an answer for every one of them; and on the whole didn't I really know more about agriculture, world agriculture, practically and technically, and agricultural statistics and economics the same? Why, of course I did. I was prepared as no other man had ever been prepared, and was eager for the try. I was prepared to meet any agricultural or statistical technician or peasant or business man, or a thousand of them, on

any question connected with my special mission. I felt like a man with a machine gun, ~~and~~ ample protection, and an unlimited supply of ammunition. ~~What did I expect~~ ~~and look forward to~~? Why, I would meet the responsible officials of every department of agriculture and statistics in all countries and have them explain to me their organizations and ~~projects~~ ^{projects} and what they had accomplished and ~~xxxxx~~ hoped to accomplish, just as I had done with the specialists in the Bureau of Plant Industry years ago. And in the light of their explanations I would see some of their agriculture on strange soils, in strange climates, and with strange routine and practices. More than that. I would visit their botanical gardens and their agricultural experiment stations. And then in these capital cities I would visit their museums and art galleries, and see something of their life, history, and tradition^s, about which I had read. I thanked ~~my~~ stars that during one period of my life I had read history industriously, and that would throw light on what I saw; and I would see these countries and cities with the eyes of an American farmer boy. Surely it was a unique opportunity for a unique experience. And I had foreseen it all from the beginning, but the proponents of the census project seemed not to have taken all this into consideration. In fact, Mr. Hobson's idea seemed to be that the director of the census project would sit in his office at Rome and analyze the censuses that had been taken in the past and point out their mistakes, inaccuracies, and shortcomings, and that the new census would be directed by correspondence. I ^{had} pointed out the futility of that method by calling attention to the fact that the questionnaire method alone did well if it got fifty percent returns. I wanted 100 per cent returns, or at least ninety per cent, and that could be obtained only by personal visitation, face to face, knock down argument, and not a polite letter that could be chucked into a

I had last seen little Queen of Hearts. During the next hour I
in an hour we had reached Otto where only a few weeks before
monasteries, nunneries, and castles on their sides and summits.
with blue and white mountains, hill towns in their openings and
acqueducts and watchtowers, and up the xx valley of the Tiber
stone arch, out into the Campagna with its series of ruined
Soon the train passed out of the yard, passed under an old
understanding eyes, and pleasant anticipations of the future.
the landscape and look at the architecture that flitted by with
I could settle back in my seat prepared to enjoy the beauties of
So, feeling satisfied with the program and extremely confident,
officials who in turn could secure action by their governments.
governments; no man could, but I could commit the responsible
legal right to commit his government. I could not commit the
are program--because, obviously none of these officials had a
and in that way I expected to commit each country to the con-
ment would appear in the next monthly bulletin of the Institute,
fact that they had agreed to cooperate, and a formal announce-
I would telegraph the Institute their names and titles, and the
after they had agreed to cooperate, and they simply had to agree,
necessary to secure the necessary authorization and funds; and
all difficulties; I would supply them with all the arguments
would acquire by sponsoring it; I would show them how to overcome
the value of the census and the prestige and reputation they
criticisms and objections to the census; I would suggest to them
projects and my sympathetic understanding; I would answer all their
I would ~~pinkish~~ flatter them by my interest in their
I would meet the proper officials. All would be courtesy, of course
pigeon hole and conveniently forgotten. How would I proceed, well,
(1926, June, Rome to Venice.

(1926, June, Rome to Venice.

~~E-1913~~ 2098

scythes. Wheat was headed out and beginning to turn into gold. Oats were fully headed out and waving in ripples from the breeze. Maize was about ten inches high. [#] We passed Orvieto, the beautiful hill town with the magnificent cathedral and the excellent white wine where Queen of Hearts and I spent our last Sunday together. Then came town after town, mountain after mountain, valley after valley, with vineyards, olive orchards, wheat fields, vegetable plots of all kinds, peasants working in the fields, white oxen pulling plows, donkeys, patches of glowing red poppies in the fields, sunshine and shadow, a beautiful blue lake surrounded by hills and mountains--never had I seen Italy more lovely or a landscape more beautiful, especially in the country around Firenze, which we reached at 1.30 p.m. At Firenze (Florence) I there was a short stop and I thought of the Queen of Hearts and wondered if I should have notified her. She would have been there to greet me, I was sure; but, no, we had parted and one parting was enough. I was on my way.

Beyond Firenzi we passed into a valley of irrigated fields, table lands of mulberry trees, vineyards, wheat shoulder high, the whole looking like a well kept garden. The valley was several miles wide with mountains on both sides. Out of the valley we ran into mountains and passed through many tunnels and saw very little agriculture. After passing Bologna we came out into a flat region ^{and} crossed a river about the same size as the Tiber. Here apparently about thirty percent of the cultivated area was in hemp, the plants about shoulder high with finely divided dark green foliage. Near the hemp fields were great pits or excavations in which I surmised the mature stalks are soaked to separate the bark and loosen the fiber.

During the afternoon several passengers entered my compart-

(1926, June, Rome to Venice.

E--1814.

ment. I was surprised to hear them conversing in Spanish. After sundown and the landscape became invisible I turned my attention to my fellow passengers. *¶* At the table in the dining car I sat opposite a middle aged gentleman who was glum and silent. He was so obviously Anglo-Saxon that I finally ventured to ask him if he was an American. He grunted grumpily as if half-offended "No--British." "Thank you," I said "Great privilege--three centuries ago," and I lit a cigar and looked the other way as indifferently as I could. Seeing that I was ignoring him and studying the other passengers he suddenly broke out with "Oh, I say, you know, I did not mean to be rude." "Of course not," I said, "I have been told that the British simply do not know any better. Americans do, but unfortunately they cannot always distinguish at first sight between ~~an~~ a fellow American, a boor, or a British cousin, because they look outwardly much alike; ~~he~~ to make sure he has to resort to an infallible test." "What is that," asked my companion with evident interest. "Speak to him without a formal introduction when the situation seems propitious," I replied; "if he is an American he will reply courteously and with a polite show of interest; if not he is either an ~~an~~ American boor or a Britisher, and in either case hopeless." Contrary to my expectation, instead of taking offence he became interested and friendly.

¶ When I returned to the compartment I found an attractive young couple sitting on the opposite seat engaged in an animated conversation in Spanish. The elderly gentleman soon came in and joined in the conversation. After a few minutes the elderly gentleman addressed me in English and seemed pleased to know that I was from Washington and understood Spanish. He said he was from Gettysburg and had four daughters with him, each accompanied by a young gentleman admirer, and all spoke Spanish.

(1926, June, Rome to Venice. E-1814.)

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(1926, June, Venice.

E--1815.

The train drew into the long shed near Venice at 9 p.m. The last three miles seemed to be over a viaduct because there was water on both sides as far as one could see ⁱⁿ the dark and there were long lines of electric lights twinkling in the distance across the water. Porters piled the hand baggage on small trucks and the passengers followed them through a long shed to a pier where the baggage was loaded on gondolas. Many gondolas were lined up to take passengers to their hotels. Cook's agency in ~~Max~~Rome had recommended the Regina Hotel, but their representative in the train shed said it would be useless to go there because all rooms were engaged, and he recommended the Victoria. I engaged a gondolier to take me there. The gondola was shaped like a large canoe, thirty or forty feet long, five feet wide in the middle, with sharply pointed upraised ends. It was equipped with two seats upholstered with leather in the middle. One man propelled the queer craft in a very interesting manner. There was a twisted upright post on the righthand side. The gondolier had a large heavy oar which he hooked onto the post and alternately pushed and pulled against the oar with the whole weight of his body. This speeded the boat forward, and then with a peculiar twist the heavy oar would be raised out of the water and brought in position for another stroke. He displayed great skill in propelling, guiding, and controlling the boat with his single oar. We crossed a broad open sheet of water and entered a labyrinth of canals that took the place of streets, the buildings on either side rising directly out of the water. One wonders whether they are dry and whether they have cellars or not. The streets on which pedestrians walk are mostly narrow alleys that cross the canals on small arched bridges. Many of these ornamental little bridges were to be reached by white marble steps from the

(1926, June, Venice.

E--1816.

water's edge. To avoid collisions at corners where canals intersected the gondoliers call out a peculiar cry before reaching the corner, ~~Y~~ much as a chauffer sounds the horn of an automobile. Usually they greet each other as they pass. They manage to maintain a fair rate of speed. We came to a broad expanse of water and when I asked the gondolier the name of the ~~bason~~ or lagoon he said it was the Grand Canal. This gondola ride through the silent, dark, water streets of Venice, between high, silent, dark buildings on both sides, and the strip of starlit sky above, noiseless except for the splash of the oar, the bridge and street lights reflected in the inky black waters of the canals, and the complete absence of all the usual signs ^{and sounds} of city life, gliding silently under the stars, thinking of all the rempance and history I had read of this city of Venice,--the great Republic and her fleets, wars, and merchants, Marco Polo, the ~~Dof~~ges, the Bridge of Sighs, Romeo and Juliet, St.Marks and what Ruskin wrote about it, its celebrated canals, gondolas and gondoliers, and all the beautiful paintings I had seen in art galleries--was an experience never to be forgotten. After the passage of considerable time we drew up at the foot of some white marble steps that led up to the entrance to the Victoria Hotel. I was given a large double room (forty feet long and twenty wide, with ceiling almost as high) on a corner at the intersection of two canals, with two large beds and ornamental furnishings, electric lights, bath, and all conveniences, for 70 lire, equivalent to \$2.80 per day.

After getting settled I walked a short distance to SanMarco Piazz^za, which I recognized at once from pictures I had seen. It is a large, open, paved city square, surrounded on three sides by three story buildings with collonade fronts, and on the fourth side is the highly ornate San Marco with its wonderful facade,

water's edge. To avoid collisions at corners where canals intersected the gondoliers call out a peculiar cry before reaching the corner. As much as a chattering sound the horn of an automobile. Usually they greet each other as they pass. They manage to maintain a fair rate of speed. We came to a broad expanse of water and when I asked the gondolier the name of the basin or lagoon he said it was the Grand Canal. This gondola ride through the silent, dark, water streets of Venice, between high, silent, dark buildings on both sides, and the strip of starlit sky above, noiseless except for the splash of the oar, the bridge and street lights reflected in the inky black waters of the canals, and the complete absence of all the usual signs of city life, gliding silently under the stars, thinking of all the romance and history I had read of this city of Venice,--the great Republic and her fleets, wars, and merchants, Marco Polo, the Doge, the Dandolo of St. Marks and Juliet, St. Marks and what Ruskin wrote about it, its celebrated canals, gondoliers and gondolas, and all the beautiful paintings I had seen in art galleries--was an experience never to be forgotten. After the passage of considerable time we drew up at the foot of some white marble steps that led up to the entrance to the Victoria Hotel. I was given a large double room (forty feet long and twenty wide, with ceiling almost as high) on a corner at the intersection of two canals, with two large beds and ornamental furnishings, electric lights, bath, and all conveniences, for 70 lire, equivalent to \$2.80 per day. After getting settled I walked a short distance to San Marco Piazza, which I recognised at once from pictures I had seen. It is a large, open, paved city square, surrounded on three sides by three story buildings with colonnade fronts, and on the fourth side is the highly ornate San Marco with its wonderful facade.

(1926, June, Venice.

E--1817.

and near it a very high square tower. I at once decided that this was the most wonderful square, and this the most wonderful city as seen from a gondola at night, in the world. I still think so.

Back of the arcade were shops full of art objects and bric a brac, bright, attractive, and interesting; hundreds of people were walking about or sitting in caffees, and several orchestras could be heard. I stopped at a table under the collonade in front of a restaurant and ordered a whiskey and soda. As I sipped it and smoked ~~ix~~ and looked about me, I felt that this had been one of the most satisfactory days of my life, a constant change of beautiful and interesting scenery, with leisure to enjoy it, and no responsibilities. However, I soon became conscious that I was tired from loss of sleep the previous night, early rising, and the strain on my attention and gazing steadily all day out of the coach window of a rapidly moving train. It was after midnight when I entered my palatial room. As I looked at the sumptuous proportions and furnishings I wished my wife, or the Queen of Hearts, or my mother or sister might see it all as I saw it. ~~Some different from the dirt floor log cabin I had lived in for a time as a boy. Then, as I looked at those two comfortable beds I wished I could see a beautiful young woman lying in one of them, as a fitting climax to this beautiful day. But, no. I went to bed and could not sleep. At least I thought so, but I must have fallen to sleep, because I dreamed that dear little Mina came tripping into the room, dressed only in a transparent nightie, smiles and amabil- ity, and then immediately I woke up, so wide awake that I got up, turned on the lights, and smoked until dawn made visible the houses, the canals, and the marble bridges.~~

The dawn of June 5 in Venice was followed by a bright sunshiny day.

(1926, June, Venice.

E-1817.

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(1926, June, Venice.

ENN1818.

I was up early, had breakfast in my woom, watched ^{with} interest the life on the canals below my window, and then walked to the great square of St. Mark flowded ~~with~~ bright morning sun^{ny}light. Great flocks of pigeons fluttered about. I followed the quay for a few blocks, looking out over the Grand Canal and taking kodak pictures. ^PThen I went into the cathedral of St. Marks at the end of the square. It seems smaller than most Italian cathedraks, has a beautiful facade of ^{oriental} ~~ornamentak~~ pattern, and a number of ornamental domes. In the archways of the facade are brightly colored paintings, above the middle entrance are four bronze statues of the four horses of the Apocalypse, and the whole upper part o of the facade is of intricate design, with little towers and peaks, and statues of winged ~~aggels~~. The interior of the church impresses one as rather somber. The walls are of dark colored marble. The great pipe organ was sounding and the effect was very solemn. I sat for awhile on a bench to listen to the organ and the singing of an excellent choir.

Next I inspected the ducal palace that adjoins St.Marks. Outside, it is of Moorish design, with two stories of collonades surmounted by one high story faced with colored brick. I paid five lire for the privilege of entering and was required to check my cane. The interior court is especially ornate and interesting, with collonades like a cloister on three sides, and wonderful bronze doors and ornamental work of St.Marks on the fourth side. One ascends broad marble stairways and enters several large halls, apparently 60 by 120 feet, with ceilings and windows in proportion, which are truly magnificent. The walls and ceilings are covered with beautiful paintings by Tintorreto and other famous artists, mostly depicting bible scenes, or illustrating the history of Venice, or simply fantastic scenes. In addition,

(1926, June, Venice.

MM1818.

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(1926, June, Venice.

E--1819.

these great halls have gilded cornices and hand carved relief work. One of the rooms was set aside as a museum in which was a marvelous collection of ancient arms.

I next ascended the great tower that stands near St. Marks. It is about twelve stories high, is made of small colored brick, has an elevator, and a row of small windows that run up the side at one corner. From the top one has a fine view of Venice. From this point of vantage the visitor sees that the city is irregular in shape, that all the houses have roofs covered with little brown glazed tile, that there are many little towers and cupolas, that the city is entirely surrounded by water, channels, canals, and islands. One can see also how shallow the water is and that mud banks are exposed in many places. One sees also fleets of fishing boats with little three-cornered sails. The street canals are generally narrow, somewhat narrower than American city streets, and the real streets, that is, those paved with stone are little wider than alleys, like all Mediterranean cities. Some of them are not more than six feet wide and the sun never penetrates to the pavement. There is no dust, no automobiles, and none of the ordinary street noises except the sound of voices. Also the fire department could never want for water in time of need. The city is well protected by the surrounding water that is too deep for troops and too shallow for ships. So this was Venice, unique among all the cities of the world, once a republic with great fleets, and the patroness of arts and sciences.

After a visit to Cook's agency to see about transportation and a nice luncheon at the hotel, I walked about through the narrow streets and looked into shop windows. At one place I bought a light suit for summer wear that was guaranteed by the proprietor to be of pure silk, for which I paid the equivalent of about

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(1926, June, Venice.

E--1820.

\$18.00. (The subsequent history of this suit is interesting.

I wore it exactly three times. It fit me well and I was pleased with it and thought I had a bargain. At the third wearing, however, I was caught in a rain. Before I could reach the hotel the trousers were six inches above my shoe tops, and the coat had shrunk and twisted in several different directions, and its color had changed from buff to brown in spots. By the time it was dry it was shapeless and five sizes too small, so I left it in a waste basket.) *R* Returning to the hotel I made the mistake of lying down for a nap. I awoke at 4.45 pm., which left me only 45 minutes to reach my train. *I* jumped into my clothes, grabbed my suitcases, rushed to the hotel office, settled my bill, and walked with a porter two squares or more to catch a steam launch, for which I had to wait about five minutes. At the wharf I caught a porter and together we ran through the long shed to the waiting train and I was settled in a compartment one-half minute before the train started. Well, a miss is as good as a mile, but never again, no more naps before train time, especially on a hot afternoon in a sleepy town.

Until dark the route lay through a swampy looking country with light colored, poor looking soil, but fairly good crops of wheat, alfalfa, maize, and vegetables. The buildings were far apart and looked rather new. Even the towns looked new and each had it's campanile that could be seen at a considerable distance. Evidently this part of Italy had only recently been drained and reclaimed from swamp and put into cultivations.

Sunday, June 6, I woke up in *Y*ugoslavia near Zagreb, a large city on a river, with lumberyards and market gardens on the outskirts. Peasant men were working in the fields and peasant women with baskets of produce on their heads were walking on the roads.

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(1926, June, Venice to Belgrade.

E--1821.

The country beyond Zagreb was attractive, a plain on one side and a forest covered mountain on the other. At 8.20 a.m. we came to Novska, after traveling through a flat country with wheat fields and piles of oak lumber at the little stations. Then we followed the course of the River Save through a region that became more and more undulating. Maize was planted three to six rows on wide beds full of grass and weeds and was about six inches high. An hour later we were in higher country and as near as I could judge one-fourth was in wheat or rye, $\emptyset$ one-fourth was timber, with occasional plots in truck crops and orchards near towns, which were far apart. The railway followed the center of a valley and the towns were at some distance on the hillsides. I saw a number of old fashioned wells with windlas and rope and a wagon wheel at the end of the rope. The wheat looked thin and poor, heading out but not showing color. Not much livestock was to be seen, and very little poultry about the houses. Most of the hills were covered with a fine growth of oak trees. By noon we ^{were} traversing a section about half prairie and half woods, mostly oak and ash. Much of the prairie was in pasture and for the first time I saw herds of cattle and many flocks of geese in charge of shepherdesses.

In the dining car the evening before I observed two gentlemen who seemed to be acquainted, one sitting opposite at my table and the other at the table behind him. For some time they were silent, and then began conversing in English. I surmised they were Americans who had been abroad long enough to acquire British tricks of speech. As we were finishing supper the gentleman opposite made a casual remark and looked at me as if he expected a reply. We were soon conversing about the country surrounding Venice that we had just passed through. He remarked that I

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(1926, June, en route Belgrade.

E--1822.

seemed to pay particular attention to the country and crops through which we passed. I answered that for many years I had been employed by the United States Department of Agriculture and it was part of my business to pay attentions to such things.. He asked if I had seen much of the agriculture of other countries and I replied that I knew the agriculture of Argentina perhaps as well as that of the United States, but had as yet seen little of the agriculture of other countries. "So you are Mr. Estabrook," he said with a smile at my look of mystification. Then he explained that he was ^{Dr.} Mr. Hutchinson, in charge of the Paris headquarters of the International Education Board and, of course, knew of my employment at the International Institute of Agriculture. He said his companion was an auditor from the Paris office and they were on their way to Sofia to check up on a grant of \$125,000 for the establishment of an agricultural college. He expressed himself as greatly concerned (as all economists and pseudo economists were at that time) over the rapidly increasing population, the problem of introducing better methods of agriculture, of increasing production to feed the population and maintain the former standard of living, and the like. When I suggested that the one State of Texas, utilizing the latest results of science, soil conservation, farm management, improved plants and animals, fertilizers, irrigation, and intensive methods of agriculture, could alone feed the entire population of the globe, he expressed scepticism and a certain distrust of my sincerity or competence. "Allright," I said, "I know, of course, all about the dislocations brought about by the war, and the Malthusian doctrine, and the law of limited returns, and how editors and economists are scared stiff over the prospect of a food shortage through^{out} the world, but I tell you it is because they know little about agri-

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(1926, June, Belgrade.

~~E--1823.~~ 2108

culture, its capacity to produce, or the existence of surpluses that cannot find an outlet. These economists have not yet awakened to the fact that good ~~prices~~^{prices} during the war greatly stimulated agricultural production to such an extent that farmers are right now in distress because they cannot readily adjust their production to effective demand. I say this because it has been my business for many years to compile and compare figures showing a steady increase in areas and production and because I know that only a small proportion of the tillable land in the world is yet brought under cultivation, and because I know that there are ~~more~~^{many hundred thousands of} square miles of good tillable land in the world that has ~~never~~^{never} been plowed, and ~~much~~^{some} of it has never ~~been~~^{even} explored by white men; all of which makes me a little impatient and intolerant of the statements of economists that the world is facing a food shortage. They ought to know better. I predict that for many years to come governments will have more trouble worrying about food surpluses and surplus agricultural production than they will with temporary shortages. The great problem of agriculture right now is to reduce production to the point where their products will sell for enough so that ~~they~~^{farmers} can make the wages of city bootblacks."

With the calm and self-complacent assurance of an economist ~~Mr.~~^{Dr.} Hutchison did not continue the argument and I saw that he was not pleased. To get off this controversial subject I asked him to tell me something about ~~to tell me something about~~ the International Education Board that was paying most of my salary and travel expenses. He explained that the Board originated back in 1902 with an endowment of funds from John D. Rockefeller for the special purpose of improving conditions in our Southern States. It had grown and in recent years had been split up into five great

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(1906, June, Belgrade.

E--1824.

divisions, for education in the United States, for general research, for medical research, for social economic investigations, and a European branch with headquarters in Paris for the purpose of promoting better living conditions in Europe. Dean Mann of Cornell and ~~Mr.~~^{Dr.} Hutchinson had been sent over three years previously to organize the European branch. Just then they were awarding scholarships to deserving young men in various countries, extending aid to various institutions, such as buying books for libraries, advancing money for buildings and equipment, and the like.

We arrived at Belgrade at 3.30 p.m., nearly two hours late. For some hours we had been passing through a beautiful, broad, open farming country with large fields of wheat and maize, and saw occasional herds of cattle, sheep and swine, each herd in charge of a shepherd. Houses were conspicuous by their absence, perhaps because the farmers live in villages, which also seemed far apart. Few if any fences were to be seen, which was made possible by the fact that all livestock was attended by men or women. Many small villages had plots of hops, hemp, potatoes, beans, mustard, poppy, and a few orchards and small vineyards. Cherries were ripe. As we approached Belgrade I saw many flocks of geese in charge of women wearing picturesque costumes. I noted one with a bright red dress, another with a blue dress, and others with hoops under their skirts, most of them with wide waists and balloon sleeves, and all wore cloth hats.

At the railway station I saw a woman wearing stockings decorated with bright horizontal stripes. At the station I was told by an interpreter that I would have to give up my passport and call for it the next day at the office of the Prefect of Police. I objected to being separated from my passport, and to

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(1906, June, Belgrade.

E--1824.

(1926, June, Belgrade.

E--1825.

facilitate matters we drove directly to the office of the police. There the interpreter carried the passport about until it was duly inspected, visseed, and rubber stamped and recorded. Then through streets paved with rough hummocky cobblestones we were driven in a carriage to the Palace Hotel, said to be the best in the city. At that time it was a plain, cheap looking structure, without baths.

After getting settled I took a short walk. My first impressions were disappointing. The streets were paved with big cobblestones and were very dirty. The sidewalks, where there were any, were paved with smaller stones that made walking painful and about as unsatisfactory as walking up the dried bed of a mountain stream. Most of the buildings were of concrete or covered with stucco, gray and unattractive on the outside. The people on the streets seemed rather small, homely, some of them malformed, some ~~not~~ larger than dwarfs, and all unattractive in appearance, expression, and dress. The only attractive ones I saw were nurses in native costumes. They seemed to be wearing several flounced ~~sk~~ skirts, so that the outer skirt stood out as if covering a framework of hoops. Their sleeves were puffed and they wore a cloth covering over their heads. Service at the supper table was very leisurely, with long waits between courses, but many of the gentlemen present wore tuxedos. I took another short walk after supper, but found the streets dark and depressing.

Monday, the 7th, was bright, clear, and hot. Had breakfast in my room and sent laundry away to be returned Thursday. The hotel clerk insisted that it was necessary for me to report to the police department again for another vissee to my passport. Unable to get a taxi or carriage, I walked to the American Consulate. En route I stopped in a bank and exchanged a ^{\$20⁰⁰} travelers

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driven in a carriage to the Palace Hotel, said to be the best in

through streets paved with rough hummocky cobblestones we were

duly inspected, vised, and rubber stamped and recorded. Then

There the interpreter carried the passport about until it was

facilitate matters we drove directly to the office of the police.

(1926, June, Belgrade.

E--1825.

(1926, June, Belgrade.

1826.

check for ~~\$20~~ for 1120 dinar. I found the American Consul, Mr. Patten, very busy but cordial, from Virginia, and very homesick. He had an assistant telephone to the department of agriculture for an appointment and then show me the way, because it was not easy to find for a stranger.

I was surprised and pleased to find that the Minister of Agriculture was Mr. ~~Stoykovitch~~ Stoykovitch, whom I had met in 1920, ^{and} who had spent 1919 in the United States and could speak English. He said he had received copies of the census program only that morning and wished to have time to read it. He introduced me to one of his assistants who was a graduate of Cornell. After making an appointment for the following day I walked out on the street. It was very hot in the sun and I was told this was the third hot day in more than a month of almost continuous rain. I stopped at a newsstand to buy a French newspaper and was surprised to find that the proprietor spoke English. He said that during the war he had been in a German prison camp for some months with some American and Canadian prisoners and had learned to speak their language. During the day the heat was oppressive, followed by dust^t storms, great clouds, lightning and thunder, and a heavy gust of rain that laid the dust.

Belgrade was one of the dirtiest cities I had yet seen, probably because of its cobblestone streets and dust storms. The people on the streets were most unattractive and uninteresting, but evidently they loved music, because wherever I went I heard the sound of pianos in the houses. The people wore two styles of clothing, European and Turkish. Most of them were small and thin and wore an anxious expression in their faces, in striking contrast to the forms and faces one sees in Rome. However, I liked the food served at the hotel much better than that in

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(1926, June, Belgrade.

1826.

(1926, June, Belgrade.

E--1827.

Italy because of their manner of cooking meats and the abundance of fruits and vegetables.

There were showers during the night and the next morning the air was clearer and pleasanter. I made some typewritten copies of some questions the officials at the Institute wished to have answered in various countries, and then walked to the department of agriculture. Had a long interview with the officials and agreed to meet them in committee the following day, for which purpose they had already telegraphed the heads of provincial^s officials to be present. In the afternoon I felt much enervated from the heat of the previous day and slept several hours. After supper I took a stroll on the principal street, but it was poorly lighted, few people were to be seen, and there did not seem to be any place of amusement to visit, so I soon returned to my room.

Wednesday, the 9th, I met with a committee of agricultural department officials and discussed the agricultural census and statistical organization and methods already in use in that country and ways and means of improving them. They were friendly, intelligent, and showed a desire to cooperate, so that our all day session was very satisfactory. We adjourned at 5 p.m. after they had assured me of their appreciation of my visit and agreed to cooperate to the fullest extent with the Institute in its census project.

Upon returning to my room I discovered that the lining of my coat had come loose and was hanging down. With needle and thread from my bag I soon mended it. Mr. Stoykovitch had invited me to take a drive with him about the city and supper at a restaurant. I had assumed that he would call for me with an automobile and be accompanied by his wife or one of the officials of his department. Instead we walked to a park near the hotel that I

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(1926, June, Belgrade.

E--1828

had already seen. It was a little dried up park from which one had a good view of the sweep of the Danube and the flat country across the river that was Austria. Then we boarded a dirty little street car. My companion pointed out to me with some pride several new public buildings under construction, the king's palace, the military academy, and the part of the city where some buildings had been wrecked by gunfire during the war.

On the outskirts of the city we dismounted and entered a large park with magnificent trees. Among them were many sycamores with lower branches so large and heavy that it was necessary to provide them with supports. Near the largest of these sycamores was an old palace of one of the ^{Serbian} ~~European~~ kings and in front of it was a large stone from which he could mount his horse. We walked part way through the park to a restaurant where we listened to an excellent orchestra of stringed instruments played by Russian refugees. We sat at a little table and had two glasses of good beer, dry bread, some butter made from sour cream, and some delicious tid-bits of lean pork ~~brayx~~ broiled to a crisp on small iron spits. We rode back on an overcrowded tram car and reached the business section about 9 p.m. We went to a restaurant in a large interior court in which moving pictures were thrown on a screen, and there was some good music. It was too cool for comfort and the food and service were very poor. The bottle of wine we had was diluted with water. The motion picture was dull and I could not read the legends. The entertainment did not end until after midnight, by which time I was very tired and above all things wished to escape alone to my hotel. My host insisted on accompanying me to the hotel, which simply prolonged my discomfort. Upon disrobing I found that the chill from the night air, the nervous strain I had been under, and the discomfort

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(1926, June, Belgrade.

E--1829.

had brought on an attack of the ^{eczema or} hives, great welts on my arms and legs, especially about the ~~kn~~ joints. I knew from experience that this would last for several days, disappearing in a few hours from one spot only to reappear ~~d~~ in others, and that it meant great discomfort and perhaps interfere with sleep.

Thursday, the 10th, was clear and hot. I arranged with the porter of the hotel to obtain transportation ^{to} ~~for~~ Sofia. I prepared a telegram to the Institute advising that the responsible officials of Yugoslavia promised cooperation in the census. I went to the bank to buy some Serbian money, where I found that it was a holiday and all business establishments were closed. Called at the American Consulate and left a forwarding address.

H The consul said that the difficulties of Yugoslavia resulted from the readjustments made necessary by the war and by the tariff barriers that had been set up. I was interested in his statement that tobacco is grown in Macedonia as a government monopoly, that is, definite areas or numbers of plants are grown under license or contract with the government at a price named in advance ~~and price~~ in the contracts, and it was a crime for any farmer to grow tobacco without such a license or contract. He said that three years previously, because of the attractive world price, the government undertook to stimulate the production of tobacco by increasing the area grown under its contracts at a guaranteed price. The result was a crop more than double the size of the normal production. Similar increases took place in other countries for precisely the same reason, resulting in tremendous overproduction and a corresponding fall in price. The government had to borrow money with which to pay off its contracts, ~~and~~ it had taken three years to work off the surplus and at a considerable loss.

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(1926, June, Belgrade.

E--1830.

I walked through the market place and saw many curious looking people in all sorts of costumes. Many of them wore shoes of braided leather with long pointed toes that curved upward in front. These shoes looked heavy and clumsy, but comfortable. The women wore multiple skirts, usually with a white apron in front, a gaily colored flounce or shawl behind, and high stiff corsets. Also they wore a sort of veil covering the top of the head and shoulders. Most of the women lacked feminine characteristics, beauty or attractiveness, thin in person and awkward in movement. On the other hand some of the men were tall, muscular, and well proportioned. Most of them wore corduroy jackets, knee pants, leggings, and shoes with the turned up pointed toes. Many of the business establishments seemed to be in the hands of ~~the~~ Germans, and German was the second language of the people.

7 *Belgrade to Sofia*
After the usual formalities I left Belgrade on the 2.15 p.m. express. For an hour or more we passed through high rounded hills, mostly cultivated to their tops, but with scattered groves of oak and elm. Wheat was well headed out and maize about knee high. Then we passed into a still more broken country of high ridges and many tunnels. The train began to descend into a valley between high hills. The soil was dark in color and the dirt roads in bad condition, like those in the blackland sections of the United States. The houses were substantial and high. In small orchards the cherry trees were loaded with ripe fruit. The few towns through which we passed had substantial houses of concrete, were one or two stories in height, and the streets were paved with cobble stones. Wild flowers of many colors were to be seen from the train window. Poppies and many weeds that are common in the United States were the only ones I could recognize. For many hours the train wound around hills and the farther we advanced

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(1926, June, Belgrade to Sofia.

E--1831.

the more primitive agriculture and living conditions be^came. About 6 p.m. we entered the mountains and passed through several tunnels. It was a beautiful country of hills and mountains, mostly cultivated, but with few isolated houses so that it would appear that most of the farming people lived in villages. In the villages that we passed through the people were dressed in unattractive clothes and seemed to be discouraged.

We reached Nish at 7.30 p.m. while eating supper. It was a good supper, but I hurried through it because the conductor had said I would have to change to another coach at Nish. However, when I hurried back to my compartment for my things I found that the conductor had arranged to leave me undisturbed. Returning to the diner I had two bottles of wine, costing the equivalent of 88 cents, and sat sipping it and smoking for several hours because of the cheerful light and warmth. I enjoyed watching the horizontal stream of sparks that flew from the locomotive past the windows against the inky blackness of the night outside.

June, 11, was a bright hot day. We reached Sofia sometime during the night after being awakened three times by customs officials at the boundary to satisfy their official curiosity by opening my suitcases for their inspection. At 6 a.m. I arose and was driven to the Palace Hotel. No room was available, but the clerk assured me that one would be ~~available~~ in a few hours, so all I could do was to register, leave my baggage, and walk or sit around until I could be accommodated.

Sofia impressed me much more favorably than Belgrade because of its street pavements, sidewalks, and better houses. Also the people appeared to be much more cheerful and the women better developed and more attractive looking.

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(1926, Sofia, June.

E--1832.

After breakfast I looked up the American Consul, who said he was from Tennessee, knew our tobacco specialist at the department, and had been away from the United States more than twenty years in a number of countries, including China, India, Chile, and Bulgaria, and he planned to leave the service in the near future and retire to Winchester, Virginia, where he had relatives. He was heartily tired of official life and wanted to be back among his own people. He said the government was very corrupt, to illustrate which he said there was a good crop of grain raised the previous year. The government officials advised the growers to hold their grain because there was a world shortage and the price would surely advance, which was not true. Later it came out that a friend of the ^{minister} ~~Ministry~~ had a large quantity of grain on hand and had induced ^{him} ~~the minister~~ to issue the false statement in order to keep the main crop off the market until he could dispose of his holdings at a profit. He said that recently the government had proposed to grant a monopoly of exporting grain to a British firm, but the measure was opposed by the local bankers who feared that all the funds would be handled by a British bank.

On the way back to the hotel I took a number of kodak pictures. Still no room was available at the hotel. I sat in a park for awhile, read some letters I had received at the Consulate, and studied the appearance of the people who came within my range of vision. Many of the younger people wore the customary dress of western Europe. Many of the older people were dressed in what I took to be Turkish costume; the men with baggy trousers, jackets, and red caps; the women with highly colored skirts and jackets, with their hair done up in long braids which sometimes reached well below the waist and over which was a hood or covering of some sort.

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(1926, June, Sofia.

E--1833.

The luncheon at the hotel was good, with strawberries for desert. Still there was no room for me. I took another walk of exploration and found a market place full of booths, vans, and peasants in native costume. I tried to take some photographs, but without much success. I found an old jeweler in a booth who quickly mended a broken watch chain for me.

I succeeded in finding the Central Bureau of Statistics and had a long and very satisfactory interview with the director, Mr. Popoff. Through him an appointment was arranged for the next day with the secretary general of the department of agriculture. Mr. Popoff spoke very good French and said that while the officials of the department of agriculture could not, some of their employes could and would act as interpreters.

After a visit to the Wagon-Lits office to inquire about transportation I returned to the hotel and to my very great relief was shown to a room. With mind at ease on this score I sat on the balcony of the hotel, had a glass of beer, and wrote up notes for the day. To the south was a humpbacked looking mountain, apparently several thousand feet above the city, covered with timber, and showing patches of snow. The Consul had said that in the winter months the climate at Sofia was mild, but that in May the temperature fell almost to freezing.

I enjoyed my supper in the evening. I took a short walk and noted the presence of a policeman on every corner. Returning to the hotel I sat on the balcony for awhile, but it soon became too cool for comfort. I went inside and listened to an excellent orchestra and watched the people sitting at little tables while others danced to the music. Two young couples at a near by table engaged in a contest of trying to move their right hands up and down vertically and at the same time move their left hands

(1926, June, Sofia.

E--1833.

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(1926, June, Sofia.

E--1834.

horizontally. Of course, it is an old game but they enjoyed it like children. The leader of the orchestra, a violinist who played everything without notes, was very amusing in his bodily contortions and rhythmic motions in time with the music. Occasionally he would waltz gracefully to the sound of his own violin, to the different tables, bowing, swaying, advancing and retreating, smiling and tossing his head of long black hair; or when a couple would appear on the floor he would accompany them the first round or two, gracefully keeping step with them, and all the *time* his violin was pouring out wonderful Hungarian or Gypsy music. To me it was wonderful, both his music and his dancing, and the combination of the two was more wonderful still. When I think of Sofia, ~~it~~ is not of the solemn officials I met, or the parks and palaces, but of this handsome, youthful, graceful, dancing violinist. He typified to me the poetry and joy of both music and motion.

June 12 was a clear hot day. After breakfast I packed up my things, bought transportation to Athens and some Bulgarian money from the Wagons-Lit Cie., and then went to the office of the Minister of Agriculture, where I met with a courteous reception, was given full information, and promised cooperation in the census. At the hotel I sat on the balcony awhile and studied an array of bill boards on the adjoining lots, nearly a block long and as high as a two story building, covered with flamboyant advertisements, facing directly opposite the park and palace of the King. I have seen no more flagrant example of billboard advertising in any country. *PP* In the afternoon I called again on Dr. Popoff, director of the Central Bureau of Statistics, who again assured me of the complete cooperation of his bureau in the agricultural census. This was gratifying, because in all

(1926, June, Sofia.

E--1834.

horizontally. Of course, it is an old game but they enjoyed it like children. The leader of the orchestra, a violinist who played everything without notes, was very amusing in his bodily contortions and rhythmic motions in time with the music. Occasionally he would wait gracefully to the sound of his own violin, to the different tables, bowing, swaying, advancing and retreating, smiling and tossing his head of long black hair; or when a couple would appear on the floor he would accompany them the first round or two, gracefully keeping step with them, and all the time his violin was pouring out wonderful Hungarian or Gypsy music. To me it was wonderful, both his music and his dancing, and the combination of the two was more wonderful still. When I think of Sofia, it is not of the solemn officials I met, or the parks and palaces, but of this handsome, youthful, graceful, dancing violinist. He typified to me the poetry and joy of both music and motion.

June 12 was a clear hot day. After breakfast I packed up my things, bought transportation to Athens and some Bulgarian money from the Wagon-Lift Co., and then went to the office of the Minister of Agriculture, where I met with a courteous reception, was given full information, and promised cooperation in the census. At the hotel I sat on the balcony awhile and studied an array of bill boards on the adjoining lots, nearly a block long and as high as a two story building, covered with flamboyant advertisements, facing directly opposite the park and palace of the King. I have seen no more flagrant example of billboard advertising in any country. In the afternoon I called again on Dr. Popoff, director of the Central Bureau of Statistics, who again assured me of the complete cooperation of his bureau in the agricultural census. This was gratifying, because in all

(1926, June, Sofia.

E--1835.

the world he was the nearest approach to a statistical ~~§~~zar or dictator because he was authorized by law to call upon any or all public officials, heads of business establishments, and private citizens to supply the data he asked for. Also he had a large and well organized bureau with the latest equipment.

It was excessively hot in the sun and I shed some of my ~~clothing~~ ^{garments}, although the natives continued to wear the heaviest of clothing. Some of the ~~men~~ appeared to have a heavy blanket wrapped about their waists and a heavy felt cap on their heads. On the way back I stopped at a restaurant for a bottle of beer and to write up my notes. Also I had a cup of Turkish coffee, which was abominable stuff--black and very sweet, with half an inch of paste at the bottom that looked like indelible ink. At my room I wrote a letter to the Secretary General of the Institute. The portable typewriter was somewhat out of order so that I could not proceed with letters to my family.

After an excellent supper I and my baggage were transferred to a compartment in a sleeping coach. Inasmuch as the train was not to leave for several hours, I walked back to the station and out on the street. The street was dark and deserted except for some laboring people. I sat alone in the station restaurant for awhile with a small bottle of wine and a cigar, and then retired early.

(~~Dragoni, June 12, gray folder.~~ *omit*)

Def

(1926, June, Sofia.

E-1835.

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It was excessively hot in the sun and I shed some of my clothing, although the natives continued to wear the heaviest of clothing. Some of them men appeared to have a heavy blanket wrap- ped about their waists and a heavy felt cap on their heads. On the way back I stopped at a restaurant for a bottle of beer and to write up my notes. Also I had a cup of Turkish coffee, which was abominable stuff--black and very sweet, with half an inch of paste at the bottom that looked like indelible ink. At my room I wrote a letter to the Secretary General of the Institute. The portable typewriter was somewhat out of order so that I could not proceed with letters to my family.

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(Dragon, June 12, Gray folder.)

Red

(1926, June, Sofia to Nish.

E--1836.

Sunday, the 13th, was a clear hot day. I awoke about 6 a.m. and for an hour the train passed through a level plain with nearby mountains on either side. Gradually the train began to climb and the mountains closed in. Many pretty wild flowers were to be seen. Next we passed through a barren stretch of rocks and mountains and crossed the frontier into Jugoslavia. Soon after crossing the boundary the ^clocks were set back an hour. For two hours we rode down grade following a small stream, in some places between high and precipitous cliffs, and in other places the valley widened out. Before reaching Nish the valley is broad and the mountain slopes are cultivated almost to their summits. Wheat was heading out and changing color, and maize ^granked from a few inches to over waist high.

We reached Nish about 9 a.m. I had a full day to wait for the evening train to Athens. The railway station was small, had no~~x~~ place to check handbaggage, and was more than a mile from the town. I left my five pieces in a pile in the center of the station floor and engaged a porter to keep an eye on it. A dilapidated carriage took me over the dusty road through the blazing heat to the straggling town. "Dirty" does not adequately describe the appearance of the town. I asked to be taken to the best hotel and was drivem to the Palace. It was a small country town hotel, painted white outside and green inside, covered with fly specks and buzzing with flies and~~s~~ scurrying cockroaches in every room. As there was no lobby, reception room or other place to sit, I took a room for the day in order to have a place to rest. I bough^t some Serbian money from the proprietor of the hotel who seemed to experience much difficulty in figuring the exchange. Then I walked down one side of the principal street and back on the other and took a few photographs. Sat awhile in a barren

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(1926, June, Nish.

E--1837.

little park near a muddy stream and had a glass of warm beer. Then another walk until I found a market place. Most of the people in the market were dark skinned and their ~~clothes~~^{clothing} were old and ragged and looked as if they had never been new, or changed, or cleaned. Among them were a few individuals of more than average height and nearly white. The streets were wide, unpaved, very dusty, and the heat rose from them in waves. After a miserable luncheon in the small smelly dining room full of flies, I tried to take a nap in a small closet-like room also buzzing with flies.

Unable to find a carriage, I walked leisurely over the dusty road to the railway station. As I plodded wearily through the heat and dust I pondered the fate of my five pieces of hand baggage and the predicament I would be in if ~~it was~~^{they were} not where I left ~~it~~^{them} because I had no receipt for ~~it~~^{them} or other evidence of ownership, nor could I speak Serbian and it was doubtful whether any one could be found about the little station who understood French or English. Also there kept running through my mind the solemn advice of many friends who had traveled abroad "Never lose sight of your baggage if you ever want to see it again." My fears proved groundless, ~~however,~~^{however,} because the baggage was there.

I was much pleased to see that during my absence some small tables and chairs had been set out on the shady side of the station for the convenience of patrons. I took one and with a bottle of beer and cigars sat for two or three hours watching the few people about the place. They seemed to be mostly of either German or Turkish type. Watched freight cars being switched from one track to another. Watched two local trains come in and depart. Saw a husky young man carrying a little old woman in his arms to one of the trains and wondered if it was his mother or grandmother. She seemed to be utterly helpless. The sun was

(1926, June, Wash.

E-1837.

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(1926, June Nish.

E--1838.

hot and seemed to have no intention of disappearing and ending the longest day of my life. Tried drafting a letter in shorthand to my family. Just at sundown I walked out across an open space to a cluster of buildings and was rewarded by seeing some native Gypsy-like women wearing loose mother Hubbard gowns and baggy trousers or bloomers gathered in at the ankles.

I returned to the station just in time to see a train come to a stop and noticed it had a diner with the sign "Nish-Salonika." Upon inquiry I ascertained that this was the train I should take for Athens. I asked for the sleeper and displayed the order for ^{a berth} ~~one~~ I had purchased at Sofia^a, but was told there was no sleeper. I was greatly disappointed because all day I had consoled myself in my discomfort by thinking about the comfortable sleeper I would have on the train. The conductor was accommodating and showed me into a first class compartment and assured me I should have it all to myself for the night and would not be disturbed. He also assured me that the coach went through to Athens without change. I made my way to the diner and had an excellent supper and a bottle of wine to celebrate my escape from Nish. Upon returning to my compartment I unpacked my steamer rug for a cover, made up a roll for a pillow, undressed and went to bed on one of the long cushioned seats that ran crosswise of the compartment, and with mind at ease concerning the coach and its destination, went to sleep.

H I was rudely awakened about 1 a.m. and had to clutch my scattered ⁱⁿ belongings and leap from the platform as the coach got ~~under~~ motion, because the conductor had misinformed me and this coach was detached for another destination. Dressed in a nightie and slippers, with a pair of shoes and stockings, outer clothing and collars and cuffs, and much disheveled, I followed ^{to} ~~the~~ train

(1926, June Nish.

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(1926, June, Nish to Salonika. E--1839.

men with my baggage into another coach of a waiting train bound for Salonika. Again I tried to make myself comfortable and soon fell asleep. I awoke at 4 a.m. in full daylight. There were no facilities for shaving or washing so I went without. We were passing through barren mountains and following a small stream with small plots of cultivated ground on both sides, mostly patches of wheat, poppies, or maize, and I saw one little plot of cotton. At 5.30 we reached a small station and passports and baggage were inspected. Here I learned with dismay that the dining car had been detached during the night; also I discovered that there was no drinking water on the train and I immediately became intensely thirsty. The train porter did not understand anything I said in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, or German when I asked where and when I could get a drink of water, beer, or wine. He simply looked at me in dumb surprise and shook his head. I consoled myself with the thought that the train would stop at some small station where I could buy something to drink.

At 6.30 a.m. the valley widened out into a marshy plain surrounded by barren mountains. Large areas were in wheat that looked well in spots and very poor in others, and there were a few fields of maize. At one point I saw several tractors with gang plows ripping up the prairie soil. In this section I saw a few small herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In crossing this plain we passed several small towns, mostly of little one-story square houses that looked almost new. A few laborers were in the fields cutting wheat by hand with ~~xxx~~ sickles. At several places wheat was being trodden out by horses driven by women. Apparently the women do the same work in the fields as men. On both sides of the boundary my passport and baggage were examined.

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(1926, June, Nish to Salonika. E--1840.

On the Greek side I was asked to state where I came from, where I had been, how long I expected to stay in Athens, what my business was in Athens, and where I intended to go ~~to~~ from Athens. I asked the inspectors when my train was due to reach Salonika. One said eight and the other nine o'clock. I noticed that the clock in the station already showed 9, while my watch showed 8 a.m. By this time I had developed a ~~ran~~ging thirst, induced and intensified by the fact that nothing to drink was to be had. I watched the little stations en route, but they were simply ~~some~~ small one room stone structures, either in a barren wilderness or isolated at some distance from the nearest village, with no accommodations of any kind.

We reached Salonika an hour late. I was taken in tow by a young Greek who spoke fairly good English and was drumming for the Hotel de Luxe, which he assured me was the best in the city. We drove through several streets badly cluttered up with the debris of demolished buildings as far as the water front. The Hotel de Luxe was fairly decent, but the room I was shown to had not been made up or cleaned. I insisted that the room be put in order immediately and under my supervision. I further insisted that the wash basin be washed, which caused much surprise. A tip brought a pitcher of icewater, and five hours after I realized I was thirsty I was able to satisfy the persistent and annoying ~~car~~ving for something to drink. Then I ordered rolls, soft boiled eggs, and coffee to be brought to my room. From the time it took to fill this simple order I suspected the waiter had to wait for the hen to lay the egg, or walk across the city and back with the rolls--otherwise I could not account for the delay. With the hotel porter as interpreter I went to a moneychanger and bought some Greek drachmas with my Serbian and Bulgarian money.

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(1926, June, Salonika.

E--1841.

Much of this money was in paper, very dilapidated and falling to pieces, and some of the smaller denominations were no larger than a postage stamp. Some of the larger bills had about one-third of the right hand side cut off, which reduced its value one-fourth, which was rather confusing to a stranger in making change and in trying to estimate the value of these pieces of rotten paper in terms of real money. When I asked why the city was torn up, the guide said a ⁱfare swept over a large portion of it several years previously and it was just being rebuilt. He said the city had about 800,000 inhabitants and was growing rapidly. I stopped at a local barbershop and had a shave and a haircut, and on the way back bought a supply of cigars and a bottle of cognac, after which I felt better. I walked a few blocks along the water front but the sun was so hot I was glad to return to the shelter of the hotel. While having my shoes polished two Egyptian girls came in and took a seat opposite and asked for backsheeth, cigarettes, cigars, beer, and the like. I feigned ^einnocence until the proprietor drove them out. Had luncheon at a restaurant near the hotel. I ordered roast lamb, and received a portion of roast kid that smelled so rank I could not eat it. The rolls had castiron crusts like those in Italy so that to break into them was like cracking nuts. I stopped at the post-office for some stamps. The paper money I tendered in payment was so badly decomposed that the clerks had difficulty in counting it.

After a nap I wrote some letters and then took a walk along the water front. At a little ^{section of the} water front I found a restaurant where I had a nice fried fish and potatoes, bread, oranges, beer and coffee for about sixty cents. I was ready to leave the hotel an hour ^bbefore train time, but there was delay in getting

(1926, June, Salonika.

E--1841.

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(1926, June, Salonika.

1842.

my baggage down, a long delay in making up the account, and a prolonged delay in finding a conveyance, each of these operations taking from fifteen to twenty minutes. However, I reached the station and was installed in a compartment of a sleeper de luxe a few minutes before the train departed at 10.30 p.m.

(Wife, June 14, ~~gray~~ folder.

(1926, June, Salonika. 1842.

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(Wife, June 14, Gray folder.

"Salonika, Greece,
"Monday, 14 June, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Here I am in a small room in a cheap hotel, the 'De Luxe,' said to be the finest in town--at least that is what the porter at the depot said--stranded for twelve hours between trains, a broiling hot sun outside, and an overwhelming desire to take a nap, but I feel I must get a letter off to you.

"I left Rome a week ago last Friday at an early hour. Had a pleasant all-day ride through northern Italy, with wonderfully beautiful fields, rivers, lakes, mountains, vineyards, olive orchards, and scarlet poppies always in sight. It was a day of sunshine and showers, so there was no dust and not enough rain to obscure the view, and the play of alternating light and shadow was very beautiful.

"Arrived at Venice at nine o'clock in the evening and had a ~~wonderful~~ ^{memorable} ride in a gondola on the canals from the railway station to the hotel. How I wished you and the Niñas might have been with me. The streets are all water canals, except for little narrow alleys, and where the alleys come to a canal there is a pretty arched bridge. The boats glide gently and silently through the canals and there is no sound except the lapping of the water and the calls of the boatmen to warn each other of their approach. Think of a city without any dust, automobiles, or tooting horns. The houses rise straight up out of the water and I suspect they have no cellars. Each gondola is propelled by a ~~single~~ boatman with a single long oar with which he propels and steers with marvelous dexterity. The gondolas are simply big canoes, about forty feet long by six wide in the middle, and the pointed ends rise up out of the water five or six feet. The passengers sit on cushioned seats in the middle, and the gondolier stands up at the rear end and his body sways back and

forth as he handles the one big oar. I stopped at the Victoria Hotel and had a magnificent room, nearly twice as big as the Cricket House, with a bathroom to match, for a very moderate price. The next day, Saturday, I tramped about until I was very tired, inspecting the churches, monuments, and shops. Venice is a dream city, a city for tourists, and as interesting in its way as Rio de Janeiro.

"Saturday night and all day Sunday I rode in a sleeping coach of the X Simplon-Orient Express across north Italy and Jugoslavia to the capital, Belgrade. It has some modern buildings and good hotels, but a lot of slummy looking districts, and the two things that impressed me most about it and that will linger longest in my memory were the streets and pavements made of the humpiest, bumpiest, hardest, meanest, most protruberant and obtrusive cobble stones I ever tried to walk upon--worse than the bed of a mountain stream that has gone dry. I was glad you were not along because it would have been torture for you, and I suspect you may have felt some twinges when I hobbled and blundered over them, partly because of my bifocal glasses, and whacked my dearest corns from every conceivable angle and twisted my ankles from every direction. The second impression was the utter lack of attractive looking people, except a few of the men. Most men and all of the women I saw were undersized, shrimpy, skimpy, thin-legged and hollow-chested, with the most uninteresting of faces, as if they had all lived lives of great drudgery and privation.

"My interviews with the agricultural and statistical officials and committees were highly satisfactory.

"Thursday I left Belgrade and rode through a beautiful rolling mountainous country with my eyes glued on the landscape. An American is impressed by the fact that all the people live in villages

and the farmers and their families go out into the country to work their little strips of ground mornings and return evenings. For this reason there are practically no houses or fences to be seen in the country, no matter what proportion of it is in cultivation. Also one sees men, women, and children, spending the entire day watching a few cows, or sheep, or geese. By the way, I saw more geese in Yugoslavia in a single day than I had seen before in all my life. Cherries were ripe and the trees were hanging full, and the little market stalls in the towns were piled high with them. Wheat and other small grains were fully headed out and nearly shoulder high, and much of the corn was knee high, but very foul with weeds. It is planted close and apparently all cultivation is done by hand. Apparently these people like to work for the sake of work because so much they do is unnecessary and could be done so much better, quicker and easier in other ways.

"I reached Sofia, capital of Bulgaria, Friday morning. Sofia is much more presentable than Belgrade, but there are large quarters of what we would call Jew Shops full of the cheapest wares. There is a large proportion of Turks among the Bulgars and many of them still retain their peculiar costumes. The men wear thick, heavy, baggy trousers and jackets, fez caps, and sandals with turn-up toes. The dress of the women is rather difficult to describe because it is so complicated. There is a short-waisted jacket of velvet or silk, heavily embroidered in front; a moderately short skirt either of black or colored pattern, but also embroidered, and it hangs very full as if there might be half a dozen other skirts under it; and below can be seen about six inches of underskirt of fine white material trimmed with a broad band of lace; thick stockings and sandals; hair worn in one or two braids hanging down behind, often well below the waist; and always a clothing covering for the head, usually

colored, with a fringe in front, and hanging down behind, often wrapped about the braided hair. I saw many fine looking men and women on the streets of Sofia. My hotel was opposite the King's palace which is surrounded by a small park. The American Consul, Mr. Lupton, tells me he is about to retire and live on an apple farm near Winchester, so we may be neighbors sometime. I found the agricultural and statistical officials of Bulgaria so well disposed toward the census project that we were able to arrange all details satisfactorily in two days.

"On advice of the agent of the Cie. Wagons-Lits (Sleeping Car Company) from whom I purchased tickets to Athens, I got on the sleeper Saturday night at Sofia, and yesterday morning early found the train up in the high country, with barren mountains on both sides, but with a wonderful variety of wild flowers to be seen.

"After crossing the Bulgarian frontier we were in Jugoclavia again and the train descended rapidly, following a little stream in a gorge with precipitous sides, until the gorge widened out into a broad valley of fine farming country.

"Reached Nish--sounds like Palestine--at 9 a.m. where I had to wait until 7.50 p.m. Left my luggage in the Guardaroba--there was no such thing as checking baggage here--trusting in Providence and a villanous looking native to find it on my return in the evening, and started out to find a comfortable hotel in which to spend the day. But they don't exist in Nish. Nish is a straggling town of some size, little low, ^{one}-storey, tile-roofed houses, broad ~~dirty~~ or cobblestone streets, full of a mongrel population of Turkish looking people, scrawny cows, oxen, horses, pigs, chickens, geese, dogs, etc., and indescribably dirty, dusty, and broiling hot. How Turks and soldiers, of which the town was full, can wear the heaviest winter clothing and tightly buttoned uniforms with the thermometer flirting around

100 in the shade, is a mystery to me.

"I went to the best hotel--and it would be a disgrace to our most disgraceful frontier villages. Being Sunday, all the shops were closed with iron shutters pulled down tight. I confess I spent a most uncomfortable day, my only consolation being that in the evening I would have a berth in a modern sleeping coach, for which I had a reservation, and be comfortable. Imagine my disappointment when the time came to find out that there was no sleeper, but there might be one the next day. My only thought was to get out of Nish and as far from it as quickly as possible, so I boarded the train. Fortunately I was the only ~~traveller~~ passenger travelling first class, so I had a whole compartment to myself. Also there was a dining car with a big sign outside reading 'Nish-Salonika,' so I had a good supper with the comforting thought that I could get a good breakfast in the morning.

"After supper I went to my compartment, opened up my baggage, got into pajamas, unrolled the steamer rug, made myself a pillow, and laid down on the long cushioned seat that runs crosswise for a good night's sleep. I slept nicely until I was rudely awakened at 1.30 a.m. by two train porters ^(villainous looking laborers) who were trying to tell me something in Serbian. Neither of them could understand or speak a word of French, German, English, Spanish, or Italian. They kept repeating something that sounded like 'Jew-Jelly,' which meant nothing to me. This morning I found it meant the name of the frontier station where passports and baggage are examined. They got more and more excited and then settled matters by each grabbing an armful of my belongings and starting out. I snatched up the rest of the things and followed. By the time I got to the door the train was moving and I had to jump off the rear steps in the dark. Then I saw that the train had been divided and that one of the porters was waving

his hands and signaling frantically to me. I ran and was soon installed in another coach. The conductor who punched my ticket at Nish had assured me that the coach went through to Athens and this rude awakening and sudden change was a complete surprise to me.

"This morning it was full daylight at 4 a.m. and I got up and dressed, but the wash basin was so foul that I did not try to wash or shave. Then I sat patiently, smoking and studying the rather barren, mountainous landscape, and the meager crops, thinking that at 7 o'clock I could go to the dining car and get some coffee and rolls. Another disappointment; the diner had been unhooked during the night. Then I began to realize how thirsty I was-- and not a drop of anything on the train to drink. For two hours I watched each little station at which we stopped to see if there was any sign of a restaurant, but there was none.

"Shortly after eight o'clock we crossed the frontier of Greece. It is a mountainous country and very dry, and the farming is much like our dry-farming regions in the west. Wheat is ripe and partly harvested. All harvesting is done by men and women with little hand sickles. Saw some wheat being tramped out by horses, just as was done in bible times. Really it looks pitiful to see a man and two women starting out to cut a field of wheat with hand sickles. Saw some patches of poppy grown for opium, one patch of cotton, and a few patches of tobacco, some of which was not even planted in rows. Saw some small patches of wheat no larger than a house among the rocks on the mountains without house or road in sight. Northern Greece is the poorest farming country I have seen in Europe.

"Reached Salonika at 9 o'clock and came to a tenth rate hotel, said to be the best in town-- to rest up. Have a sleeper reservation to leave for Athens tonight. Salonika is said to have

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800,000 inhabitants and a good port. It is so excessively hot outside that I am not inclined to do any sightseeing.

"Received mother's letter of May 25 at Sofia and I will ~~try~~ reply at the first opportunity.

"Love to all, from

"Daddy."

(1926, June, Athens.

E--1843.

The 15th was clear and hot. I arose at 6 a.m. to dress leisurely, sit in my comfortable compartment, and watch the landscape flit by. The country was mountainous. For an hour or more we passed by a large lake, a marsh, and extensive wheat fields that were ripe. For another hour we climbed high up on the side of a range of mountains and could catch glimpses in a narrow deep valley below the floor of which was partly cultivated, with little wheat fields, some of which had already been harvested. The harvesting was being done mostly by women with little hand sickles. The wheat was tied up into large sheaves and carried on the backs of little donkeys to a central place, usually near a village a mile or more distant from the field, there to be put in piles and later spread out on the ground to be trodden out by horses. The mountains were mostly barren of vegetation. The valleys were broken and rocky and every foot of soil between the rocks was cultivated. Some the plots were in wheat and no larger than an ordinary kitchen garden. Some of these little patches were high up on the mountain in places that seemed almost inaccessible even to a man on foot. There was a conspicuous absence of vineyards and olive orchards. Very little livestock or poultry was to be seen. The plowing was done by crude wooden implements drawn by oxen. The villages were small and far apart. The houses were one story stone or brick structures, with baked tile roofs and very few windows. By 9 a.m. the diner was open and I got breakfast. Shortly thereafter we passed through a flat valley under irrigation that was being planted to cotton, some of which was coming up. Then an official passed through the train to examine passports and again I had to answer ^{many} a ~~lot of~~ questions as where I was from, my business, how long and where I expected to stay in Athens, when I would leave and where ^g ~~in~~ intended to go.

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1844.

He took possession of my passport~~s~~, giving me a receipt, and said I could get it by calling at the police department. Towards noon the valley broadened out with rounded mountains in the distance on both sides. As we progressed we began to see olive orchards, vineyards, and vegetable gardens, all under irrigation. However, all I saw of Greece was broken and semiarid country.

We reached Athens at 12.30 p.m. The~~s~~ entrance to the city was very unprepossessing. dusty streets lined with little one-story dust covered houses. The sun was blazing hot and all houses and shops had their doors and windows^w~~ed~~ closed with shutters. I was driven to the Great Britain Hotel facing a public square in the center of the city. Although it was said to be the largest and best in the city I was unable to obtain a room and bath. The clerk sent me to the annex, The Petite Palace, a few blocks above the main hotel. This was a small but sumptuous building in the residential section and I was given a beautiful large room and bath for the equivalent of four dollars a day. After a bath, a nap, and change of clothing, I felt normal again. *P* After visiting Cook's agency where I purchased some drachmas at the rate of 70 to the dollar, I walked out to a high pyramidal hill crowned by a church from which one has a fine view of the city, the Acropolis, Piraeus, and the sea in one direction, and mountains in all other directions. Except for the Parthenon one sees little evidence of old Athens and is therefore disappointed. The city one sees is almost wholly modern, ugly, very dusty, and in June excessively hot. Next I walked to the ^{Acropolis} Parthenon, the steep outcropping hill on which is a small area of ~~ruined~~ marble ruins. These are exceedingly interesting because of their history, but all there is to be seen can be seen in a few minutes.

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--E--1845.

It was 8 p.m. when I returned to the public square and began to look about for a restaurant. To my surprise I found no restaurant on the square, only small places that served soda and ice cream. Exploration of side streets was equally unsuccessful. The Petite Palace had announced that it served breakfasts only, so I began to wonder where I could get an evening meal. Entering a large establishment on the main street that was still open I inquired in my best French where I could find a restaurant. A clerk was sent for who could speak a little English and when I explained my predicament he ~~f~~ volunteered to show me the way. He took me across the public square to a corner building that was undergoing repairs and the entire front of which was covered with scaffolding and boarded up so as to completely conceal its character. We went through a dark tunnel of rough boards and into an attractive tea room. There I had rolls, soup, chicken and rice, strawberries and cream, and a half bottle of wine, for about sixty cents.

Afterwards I spent an hour or more in the public square and I listened to a very good orchestra. The entire square was covered with tables and served by waiters from the nearby hotels and saloons. All these tables with occupied by people sipping beverages or eating ice cream. The walks were crowded with pedestrians. There were some dazzlingly beautiful women, the most beautiful I have seen anywhere, with lovely curves, voluptuous forms, graceful airy movements, angelic faces, liquid glowing eyes, white complexions and heavy black hair. If the faces and forms of some of the beautiful women to be seen on the streets of Rome are like Madonnas, then those of these Greek beauties were like ~~ang~~ angels. or houris. As was to be expected, all had escorts.

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1846.

very tired and much disappointed. After seeing Rome where old Rome and reminders of Roman history stare one in the face at every turn, Athens was disappointing because of its modernness, its bald, bare modernness, like a new city just built in North or South America, streets and buildings all of concrete, covered with dust and reflecting the glare of a hot sun, without parks and gardens and trees to relieve its bald barrenness. Only the mountains, the sea, a high hill with a church on it, and the Acropolis and a few ruins remained to remind one of the "Glory that was Greece," and it took a lot of imagination to make the connection. There was nothing in Athens to correspond with the ancient streets, the Colly^oseo, the Forum, the baths of Caracala, the Aqueducts, the Augusteo, the Pantheon, or a thousand other objects in Italy that remind one of and make live again the "Grandeur that was Rome." Yes, I was bitterly disappointed. Of all the Mediterranean cities I saw Athens was the least interesting.

The 16th was another hot day. Shortly after 9 a.m. I called upon the American Consul, Mr. Garrels, who had served in Egypt and the West Indies. He said the bureau of statistics and the statistical service ^{were} ~~was~~ in a critical condition. He promised to arrange for an appointment with the director of statistics the following day and to send one of his clerks with me to act as interpreter. He said one of the outstanding problems of Greece was her agriculture and agricultural population. He said that a million and a half Greeks had been returned to Greece under a mandate of the League of Nations, 90 per cent of whom were agricultural; that they all came within a period of three months, without funds, equipment, food, shelter, or any provision of the government to care for them. Large numbers were sent into

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1847.

Macedonia where many were raising a little wheat and tobacco. They lived in villages, entire families going out to cultivate their little plots of ground. Subdivision of the land had been carried to an extreme so that each individual ^afarmer might have several little strips widely separated. No effort had yet been made to consolidate these small holdings, partly because of the known opposition of the peasant owners. Another serious problem arose from the fact that the government had adopted the ancient ~~custom~~ ^{system} of tithes for taxes, and the right to collect the tax was let to those who would pay the most for it; and these tax gatherers saw to it that they got not only the legitimate tax but as much more as they could squeeze out of the peasants by coercion and intimidation, and this resulted in much resentment, violent opposition, and concealment by the peasants. He said that outside of Salonika and Athens the country was very primitive, which I could well believe. Their raisin industry was declining because of competition from Sicily and California, partly because of the import sanitary requirements of the United States. The buyers of Greek tobacco complained of the poor quality and lack of uniformity of the product because the growers got their seed from different sources. He said the country produced only about half the wheat it consumed; ~~there were~~ that there were only half a dozen threshing machines in the country and these were of German make, ~~and~~ American machines were not purchased because they were too heavy for the poor roads. He mentioned two projects, one under British and the other American management, and both were making progress. The bane of Greece, he said, was the desire of the government to tax everything in sight and thus discourage improvements, which accounted for the fact that many of the largest business ~~now~~ firms were housed in old buildings with dilapi-

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1848.

dated fronts, because any improvement in the building would at once lead to increased taxation.

At noon I walked to Independence Square, had a glass of beer, ~~and~~ read Baedeker's description of Athens, and arranged with Cook's for an automobile in the afternoon. Had a good luncheon, bought some picture postcards, and then took a long nap.

At 5 p.m. the automobile called for me and I visited the Acropolis and other monuments, of which I took snapshots. In looking at the meager remains of old temples and monuments one wonders what became of the enormous masses of material that have disappeared--probably utilized in the construction of other buildings, as in Rome. I was impressed with the prowess of the Greek engineers in raising from the city level to the top of the Acropolis up almost perpendicular slopes the enormous pieces of marble that were used in the construction of the temples.

In conversation with the Consul he said that the harems ~~come~~ concerning which western peoples are so curious means simply "women's quarters;" that it had its origin not for the pleasure of men but for the health and comfort of the women, the theory being that a woman should be relieved of many wifely duties prior to the birth of her child and for two years thereafter, that is, for a period of three years, and in order to accomplish this and maintain the desired size of families it was necessary for a man to have at least three wives.

The 17th was hot. From the American Consulate an employe accompanied me to the statistical bureau. On the way over he informed me that he served in the American Consulate at Smyrna from 1914 until the order came that all Greeks must leave Turkey. He told some harrowing tales of the distressing sights he had seen when thousands of Greeks were plundered, abused, and driven out utterly destitute. He and his little wife had almost paid for a

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1849.

small home which they had to abandon because it could not be sold. Naturally he was very bitter against the Turks who took advantage without let or hindrance ^{by} ~~of~~ their government of the order expelling the Greeks and freely robbed, pillaged, plundered, and committed rape and every other crime against the persons and property of the helpless refugees.

I found the officials of the statistical bureau interested in the census project, but hopelessly discouraged because ^{the} ~~there~~ bureau had been abolished, the number of employees reduced from 180 to 13, and ~~that~~ the last publication issued by the bureau was in 1921. The ~~D~~irector said that in the circumstances it would be impossible for the bureau to take part in the census. I asked many questions about the organization and work of the former bureau and whether he would accompany me for an interview with the Minister of Agriculture, and arrange for an appointment with him, to which he readily agreed.

Next I went to Cook's to inquire about sailing dates for Constantinople and Smyrna and railway schedules to Angora. The agent gave me sailing dates but could give me no information about trains in Turkey. He also informed me that a special permit, in addition to my passport, was necessary to go to Angora, ~~and~~ that it was easier to obtain such a permit at Constantinople than at Smyrna, and that if I tried to get such a permit in Athens it would probably take two or three weeks.

Because of the heat I took a long nap in the afternoon. Then with my camera I walked to the top of the high peak on the edge of the city. It is reached by a rocky road inaccessible to vehicles, is cut in the solid rock of the slope, and is very rough. At the top is a small church with a small platform in front, and a bell tower erected in 1902. The legend on the tower informs

(1926, June, Athens.

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1850

ed me that it was 277 meters, which would be about 1,000 feet, above sea level. From it one has a magnificent view of all Athens and of the mountains to be seen in every direction. The principal characteristic of the country about Athens at that season was its absolute barrenness and bareness. The only green vegetation visible was the park near the royal palace where the tree tops showed a tinge of green, even though the ground underneath them was as bare as a roadbed. Below and apparently about half a mile distant is the Acropolis on which can be seen the ruins of one or more temples. Beyond the Acropolis and to the right is Piraeus, the port of Athens, and to the left is a bay or branch of the sea, blue, rippling, and shining in the afternoon sunlight, on *which* was to be seen a fleet of small fishing boats with three-cornered sails set at an angle, the masts all pointing in the same direction. The country between Athens and the sea, apparently four or five miles across, was absolutely bare except for groups of modern houses built on the open plain. Several whirlwinds of dust were circling across the plain exactly as they do in all desert regions. In the hollow between the high hills, the one I was on and the Acropolis, lies the modern city of Athens, mostly large buildings of the apartment house *st*ype. Off in a portion of the bare plain could be seen a square with some military barracks with companies of toy soldiers drilling. Near the top of the peak on which I was standing were several cannon of old design and a few soldiers were stationed along the path that leads to the top. Looking over this modern city, the barren country about it, and the meager ruins on top of the Acropolis and near it, one finds it difficult to visualize the ~~Athens~~ glorious Athens of ancient history, and one wonders how much of that ancient history was oriental exaggeration, and what has become of the connecting

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1851

links, and why Glorious Greece left such degenerate descendants so that in two thousand years or more no one of the Greek race stands out in history. Could it be because the country of Greece itself is a natural desert, not even self-subsisting, and that when the Grecian fleets ceased to bring in supplies and draw tribute from other countries she was overwhelmed by poverty? That would be the first explanation of any American farmer who looks at the barren mountains, rocks, deserts, and poor soil of Greece today.

The 18th was equally hot and dusty. In company with the employe of the Consulate I visited the national museum and saw quantities of pottery^t and fragments of sculpture, most of which was crude and uninteresting except for its age, articles of jewelry and bronze statuettes. Frankly I was disappointed at the specimens of Greek art seen in this museum because of their crudeness and ugliness.

At noon we called on the Minister of Agriculture. The building occupied by the ministry looked like a private dwelling of white marble. Guards were stationed at the outer door, which was closed, and about fifteen people were waiting admission. We stood on the sidewalk while our cards were carried in, and a little later were admitted with evident reluctance and misgiving by the armed guards and were shown at once into the presense of G. Charitakas, Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, and professor of political economy at the high school of Athens. He stood up during the interview, whether to indicate that he was very busy or that our interview should be short I could not say. I addressed him in French and he responded in even more atrocious French than my own, and then said with a smile "Why not talk English?" at which we both laughed. I explained the ob-

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1852

ject of my mission, pointed out the necessity for census data in Greece at a time when agriculture was undergoing reorganization because of the influx of repatriated nationals, and said that Italy, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria, the only countries visited so far, had pledged themselves to participate in the census, and I expressed the hope that Greece would do the same. He assured me that she would. I then took occasion to remind him, as a professor of economics, how important it was to have correct and adequate data regarding current status of agriculture as a basis for correct thinking and proper legislation, and to get such data required organization, personnel, and equipment, and I therefore ventured to suggest the desirability of strengthening the central bureau of statistics to obtain such data and to organize the census. He assured me that he had already drafted a bill for this very purpose and that I could assure the officials of the International Institute of Agriculture that Greece would do her part in the proposed census.

The director of statistics had accompanied us and as our conversation was translated to him he learned, apparently for the first time, that his bureau was to be reestablished, and he beamed with pleasure. As we left the building he walked like a different man, bubbled over with enthusiasm, assured me that if he could have the personnel and means he would be only too glad to cooperate in the census undertaking. He was profuse in his thanks to me for having talked so frankly with the minister, which he had been afraid to do. We stepped into the office of the personnel section of the ministry and I asked the chief how many employes there were. He said he did not know. Then I asked for information as to the organization of the ministry, its divisions, and their functions. He turned to a young lady assistant

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1853.

and repeated the question to her. She produced from her desk a small collection of orders and decrees relating to agriculture which could be loaned to me for a few days, and she promised to send me a typewritten list of the divisions and offices. However, I was doubtful whether a typewritten copy would reach me before I left, so she read off the titles of the organization units in Greek, which the employe from the Consulate translated freely into English, and I made a memorandum of them in shorthand. I then took my companions to a restaurant and we had ice cream and soda. On the way back to my hotel I stopped at Cook's, but was told that it was closed regularly from 12.30 to 3 p.m.

After luncheon the director of statistics came to my room and we spent from 3 to 6 p.m. discussing the census project. Incidentally I learned that government clerks received from \$25 to \$35 per month, and the higher officials twice as much.

Athens has broad streets paved with asphalt and a street cleaning department, but the surrounding country is so dry that the city is covered with dust. ^{Just} ~~dust~~ inside the hotel entrance a boy was stationed with a feather duster and as guests enter ^{ed} he steps ^{ed} up to them and dusts ^{ed} off their trousers and shoes.

The statistical director said the farming population was very indignant at a proposal of the government a few months previously to effect a foreign loan to be secured by the farms of Greece. He said that Greek farmers were very suspicious and loath to supply statistical data because always in the past such data had been used to increase their burden of taxes. He expressed the hope that when the census was taken conditions would be more settled because ~~at~~ just then everyone was apprehensive of sudden changes in the government which caused a general feeling of uncertainty and insecurity.

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E--1853.

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1854.

As soon as my visitor left I went to Cooks and purchased passage on the steamer Cleopatra to leave the Piraeus the following afternoon for Constantinople. Then I obtained from a photographer the pictures I had taken, some of which were quite satisfactory. In my room I noted down the items of my expense account and labeled my photographic prints so that I could identify them later.

In the evening I had a peculiar experience. It was pleasantly cool after the excessive heat of the day and I felt disposed for a stroll before retiring. I was blessed with an excellent sense of direction and for many years had believed that I could not become lost, even in the dark. I had acquired the habit in strange cities of taking note of my surroundings when I started out for a walk, of noting automatically the number of city blocks I passed in any direction and the number of blocks at right angles from the original street, and with that in mind could walk back with certainty to my starting point, assuming of course that the streets ran parallel and city blocks were uniform and square. This evening I followed the main street until the shops appeared to decrease in size and the darkness to increase, when I turned to the right and went for two or three blocks, and then turned to the right a second time and followed the street for the number of blocks that should have brought me back to my starting point with one more turn. Instead, the character of the buildings changed so that I realized I was in another part of the city. Then I started to retrace my steps. After walking a few blocks I was much astonished to come out at the edge of the city, the end of the street, and only a few hovels visible in the darkness. By all the rules of my system and past experience this could not be. Clearly I was lost, lost on the outskirts of Athens on a dark night, and I had a most peculiar sensation, as if somehow I had lost my iden-

(1926, June, Athens.

E--1824.

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(1926, June, Athens.

E--1855.

tity, that I really was not I but some one else, an entire stranger to me. "Well, well, old boy, this is funny; this experience is unique in my young life and well worth the fatigue of the long walk; how did it happen; surely that street you thought was parallel with the main street must have been curved, a regular semicircle, because if you start at a corner of a parallelogram and turn in the same direction at the corners you are bound to come back to the starting point; I did just that and land out here in the middle of nowhere and too dark to see, which demonstrates either that I was not following the boundary of a parallelogram or turned in the wrong direction at one of the corners. Anyway, I'm glad I know what it feels like to be lost for the first time in my life, and I've got all night to find my way back."

I looked about. In one direction there was nothing but the blackness of night. In the other I could see a line of dim lights which I took to be street lights. There were no other lights visible, not a house light, not a shop light, and not a human being in sight. I followed that line of lights for a few blocks. Then I heard the sound of a railway train approaching, slowing up, and coming to a stop within six blocks. I walked in that direction and within ten minutes came out at the railway station which I recognized. My wierd feeling of being lost vanished instantly. A taxi set me down at the entrance to my hotel within a few minutes and the adventure was over.

Saturday, the 19th, was excessively hot and dusty as usual. After breakfast I packed, and then wrote a report to the Secretary General of the Institute, and left a forwarding address at the Consulate.

(Secretary General Dragoni, ~~June 19~~, gray folder.

(Mother, same.

(1926, June, Athens.

E--1855.

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"Athens, 19 June, 1926.

"M. Carlos Dragoni,
"Secrétaire Général,
"Institut International d'Agriculture,
"Rome.

"Dear Mr. Dragoni:

"I finished at Sofia last Saturday, spent a most uncomfortable day at Nish between trains on Sunday, another day, Monday, at Salonique between trains, and arrived in Athens Tuesday afternoon, and found that all government establishments and business houses are closed every afternoon on account of excessive heat.

"Wednesday, 16th, I spent the forenoon conferring with the American Consul regarding the local situation, especially the status and efficiency of the statistical service. He was very pessimistic.

"Thursday, 17th, had an interview with Mr. J.G. Michalopoulos, Director of the Bureau of Statistics of the Ministry of Agriculture and Industry, and with his assistant, Mr. Argyrakias. Both were very pessimistic. They said that by ministerial decree of last December the Central Bureau of Statistics was abolished, that of 180 employees in that bureau only 13 were retained and transferred to the Ministry of Agriculture, and that they had neither the personnel and equipment nor the funds with which to collect and publish statistics or answer inquiries from the Institute. They said that their last publication was the Annuaire for 1921, that the manuscript for 1922 and 1923 is ready for the printer, but there are no funds for printing. Also that they are not certain of the future and therefore can make no promises, except that if the funds are provided they personally will be glad to cooperate in the census project.

"Friday, 18th, I had an interview with the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. G. Charitakis (who is also professor of political economy in L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales), with Mr. Argyrakias of the

Statistical Bureau, and Mr. Tacticos of the American Consulate, present. The Minister was also pessimistic and at first said nothing could be done about the census project or other projects of the Institute until the financial situation of the country improves, which might be in two or three years. He seemed to think this would end the interview.

"Then I suggested that as a professor of political economy he must realize that a serious error was made in abolishing the central statistical bureau and what a serious situation the administration of the government and the business men of Greece must face without any statistical data regarding agriculture to guide them; that they have had to absorb one and a half million repatriated refugees, or twenty per cent of their entire population, of which ninety per cent is agricultural, and that since their last census new territory has been acquired and the whole situation of their agriculture has changed, so that a census and a statistical service are absolutely essential, especially if the Greek government and business men expect to get financial assistance from other countries. Also that Italy had already agreed to provide the necessary funds for the census; Yugoslavia had already appointed a permanent committee which is now at work on the preliminary details for a census; and that Bulgaria had a highly organized central statistical bureau with ample personnel and equipment and had promptly agreed to cooperate with the Institute to the fullest extent in the census and other projects; and that therefore I could not believe that Greece would fail to cooperate with the Institute in this matter. Then I asked if he thought it would help matters if I had an interview with the President. The Minister 'woke up' and answered promptly and with animation to the effect that certainly they would take action, that he fully realized the necessity for a census and for a

statistical service, and in fact measures are already under consideration for enlarging the statistical service; that he would immediately designate one or more employees in the statistical bureau to take the action suggested by the Institute with reference to the census project, and that I could inform the President of the Institute and the Permanent Committee that they could count on the fullest cooperation from Greece, so far as the financial situation of the country will permit.

"After luncheon Mr. Argyrakias came to my hotel and we spent the entire afternoon discussing details of the standard form, census program, organization and methods. His attitude had changed from one of complete discouragement and despondency the day before to one of hope and enthusiasm as the result of the assurance given by the Minister in his presence that the statistical bureau would be strengthened and that preparations for the census would be undertaken.

"I am forwarding to the Institute a copy of the printed law establishing the Ministry of Agriculture and specifying its organization and functions. Correspondence between the Institute and the Ministry should be addressed to 'Mr. J. G. Michalopoulos, Director, Bureau of Statistics, Ministry of Agriculture, Athens,' by name; otherwise it will not reach him or receive attention. A copy of the Institute's letter and five copies of the census program should be mailed to him without delay. The former letter and copy never reached him.

"I am leaving Athens this afternoon, via Constantinople, for Angora.

"The questions submitted by Mr. Borghesano cannot be answered, so I was informed, because of inadequate personnel.

"With best regards, I am

"Very truly yours,
"Leon M. Estabrook."

"Athens, Greece, 19 June, 1926.

"Dear Mother:

"Just as I started to write this letter a messenger from the American Consulate brought in some mail for me, including a letter from Sister Nellie of May 28 and one from Eunice of May 30. You cannot imagine how glad I was to get them and to know that the family from 1026 were out on the 30th.

"Last Monday I left Salonika on the evening train with a luxurious compartment all to myself. Was up and dressed at 4 a.m. Tuesday morning. It was broad daylight at that hour. From that time until midday the train went around the sides of mountains through what was formerly Macedonia, the land of Alexander the Great who in his time created quite a stir and got a lot of publicity. These mountains are mostly barren rocks with very few trees or bushes. It was exceedingly hot, I judge anywhere from 95 to 110 in the shade, and dust flying everywhere. The only agriculture is along the narrow valleys where irrigation is available. Wheat is the principal crop and is grown on every foot of space that is free ~~to~~ from rocks, even in little narrow ribbons and patches on the sides of the mountains between the rocks. The harvest was in full swing--swing of the little hand sickles by men and women--mostly women--and they were at work at 4 a.m. The wheat is tied up in big bundles, carried on backs of donkeys to a central place, and is there threshed out by being trod on by horses or with flails, just as they have done from the beginning of time. I doubt if there is a grain harvester or threshing machine in all Greece. The people all live in villages and go out from one to five miles in the morning to work in the fields and return in the evening.

"The dining car was not picked up until 9 a.m., ~~and~~ ~~there~~ was no drinking water on the train and during the five hours I waited

"Athens, Greece, 19 June, 1936."

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for that diner I could think of only how thirsty I was. Travelling through Greece is like travelling through our frontier country thirty years ago. This is strictly a dry land country--like Arizona.

"I saw some patches of tobacco, very irregular in appearance, and many fields of cotton, sown broadcast and just coming up, a few fields of corn, and some oriental poppies grown for opium.

"Reached Athens shortly after noon and came to the Hotel Petit Palais, formerly the palace of Prince Nickolaus, and got a nice room and a magnificent bath, which is a luxury in this torrid climate. Have had very interesting experiences with the Greek officials, but got them to come across with a promise of cooperation. No business is transacted after noon, so I have had good opportunities to go sightseeing. Have many photographs. Am disappointed because Athens is a modern city, very hot and dusty, and the remains of the 'Glory that was Greece' are so few that a guide is needed to find them, except the Acropolis, which is a diminutive tableland at one side and overlooking the city.

"Am leaving on Steamer Cleopatra for Constantinople this afternoon, and must close this letter as the time is getting short.

"Love to all,

"Lee."

11720, June, Athens.

~~E-1850.~~ 2054

Athens to Constantinople.

In the bus that took me from Athens to Piraeus we traveled over a good asphalt road. On each side was a dirt road in horrible condition. Piraeus seemed to be a small place with a small port badly congested with boats of every description. The "Cleopatra" was a small steamer on which I was assigned a comfortable cabin with the assurance that I would not have to share it with another person.

No sooner had the ship got under way than the gong rang summoning passengers to the dining room, where little rolls and cakes were served. Then I went up on deck. For more than an hour we were in sight of Athens, the Acropolis, the high peak behind Athens, and of the long low peninsula at the end of which is Piraeus. Back of Athens appeared to rise high mountains and on all sides small mountains were to be seen. All the mountains were barren in appearance with just enough trees in places to give them a tinge of green. In the brilliant sunshine and dust of the afternoon the general aspect of the barren landscape was golden, especially Athens, because of the fine impalpable dust in the air that reflected the sunlight as a golden haze, making the whole seem like a vision in fairyland. A brisk breeze was blowing and the sea was of the deepest blue. There were many boats with slanting three cornered sails bulging with the breeze and dancing on the waves. The only real thrill I got out of my brief visit to Greece was after Ugly Athens disappeared behind the barren hills and only the Acropolis lifted its gleaming and ornate head into the blue sky beyond the barren slope and one could imagine that it looked much the same to the old Greek navigators as they sailed these same waters in the golden past. Until shortly before sunset the ship held its course across this blue shining sea, with the golden mauve-colored hills and mountains

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E--1856.

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(1926, June, Athens to Constan.

E--1857

in sight on every side. The country looked hot and uninhabited and in two hours of daylight I saw only two villages high up on the hillside. Unfortunately the call for supper came just as a glorious sunset was flushing up the western heavens. The supper was excellent, but I had trouble getting inside the castiron rolls, which were quite as impenetrable as those in Rome. After supper a moving picture was shown in the lounge, a good picture but a most unattractive subject. On deck under the open sky I saw an entrancingly lovely sight. The sky was clear and full of brilliant stars; directly behind the ship was a half moon which lit up a great triangle of foam made by the passage of the ship; this illuminated triangle seemed to stretch away to the horizon like beaten silver with a mountain island at the far end that seemed to follow the ship; outside the illuminated triangle the sea was black; and all the time there was the ~~sea~~ refreshing sound of rushing water like a great river or cataract. As one sat in this moonlight scene he could not help but see as in a vision the golden argonauts, the ships of Ulyses and Aeneas, the great war fleet of the Persians, the fleets of Anthony and Cleopatra, the galleys, the triremes, the mercantile fleets of Venice and Genoa, and long before them the fleets of the Phoenicians, and long after them in the centuries that followed the fleets of modern nations--and to think that ⁹ A, the Texas farm boy, should be sitting here in this enchanted scene and reviewing history, and such history, was simply incredible. Surely I was dreaming.

Sunday, June 20, It was a beautiful day, bright sunshine, blue sky and sea, and a good breeze. Between 6 and 7 a.m. the ship entered the Dardannelles with small forts on both sides of the strait, which was about as wide as the Potomac at Mt. Vernon. Our ship stopped just long enough to pick up an official who

in sight on every side. The country looked hot and uninhabited and in two hours of daylight I saw only two villages high up on the hillside. Unfortunately the call for supper came just as a glorious sunset was flashing up the western heavens. The supper

was excellent, but I had trouble getting inside the castron rolls, which were quite as impenetrable as those in Rome. After supper a moving picture was shown in the lounge, a good picture

but a most unattractive subject. On deck under the open sky I saw an extraordinarily lovely sight. The sky was clear and full of brilliant stars; directly behind the ship was a half moon which lit up a great triangle of foam made by the passage of the ship; this illuminated triangle seemed to stretch away to the horizon

like beaten silver with a mountain island at the far end that seemed to follow the ship; outside the illuminated triangle the sea was black; and all the time there was the ~~new~~ refreshing sound

of rushing water like a great river or cataract. As one sat in this moonlight scene he could not help but see as in a vision the golden argosies, the ships of Ulysses and Aeneas, the great war fleet of the Persians, the fleets of Anthony and Cleopatra, the galleys, the trimmes, the mercantile fleets of Venice and Genoa, and long before them the fleets of the Phoenicians, and

long after them in the centuries that followed the fleets of modern nations--and to think that I, the Texas farm boy, should be sitting here in this enchanted scene and reviewing history, and such history, was simply incredible. Surely I was dreaming.

Sunday, June 20. It was a beautiful day, bright sunshine,

blue sky and sea, and a good breeze. Between 6 and 7 a.m. the ship entered the Dardanelles with small forts on both sides of the strait, which was about as wide as the Potomac at Mt. Vernon.

Our ship stopped just long enough to pick up an official who

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1858.

came out in a small boat. By nine o'clock the country on both sides of the strait flattened out somewhat, was less barren in appearance, and cultivated fields extended up the slopes for two or three miles from the shores. There were many steamers in the Bosphorus, some of them laden with lumber piled high on their decks.

At 3 p.m. we came in sight of Constantinople. It was a beautiful sight to see the city spread out on a hillside facing the Bosphorus with more than twenty ornamental mosques to be seen. They are picturesque buildings with gilded domes and minarets. The harbor is around a sharp bend in the strait and is a fine one. There were many customs formalities and much confusion with porters in landing. I picked up a young student interpreter who led me and a porter up the stone steps of a steep hill and across town to the Hotel Londres. I was shown to a small but ~~g~~ fairly clean room with a window opening on to a side alley.

I had supper in the hotel, which was disappointing. Because the hotel had allowed its liquor license to lapse no wine could be served with meals. After supper I took a stroll about the nearby streets and came to realize quickly that the city covers many very steep hills, so steep that many of the streets are paved with stone steps. ^{PP} Within two or three squares of the hotel I stepped into a small, cheap beer hall kept by a German, and took a seat in a corner. There were four or five small tables, the walls were hung with cheap prints, the place was well lighted and fairly clean, ~~and~~ a few customers sat at the tables, and there were four or five not very attractive girls to entertain the guests, which they did by dancing occasionally alone or with the guests to the music of a piano that had seen much service. At any rate it was a good place to rest and was cheerful after

came out in a small boat. By nine o'clock the country on both sides of the strait flattened out somewhat, was less barren in appearance, and cultivated fields extended up the slopes for two or three miles from the shores. There were many steamers in the Bosphorus, some of them laden with lumber piled high on their decks.

At 5 p.m. we came in sight of Constantinople. It was a beautiful sight to see the city spread out on a hillside facing the Bosphorus with more than twenty ornamental mosques to be seen. They are picturesque buildings with gilded domes and minarets. The harbor is around a sharp bend in the strait and is a fine one. There were many customs formalities and much confusion with porters in landing. I picked up a young student interpreter who led me and a porter up the stone steps of a steep hill and across town to the Hotel Londres. I was shown to a small but fairly clean room with a window opening on to a side alley. I had supper in the hotel, which was disappointing. Because the hotel had allowed its liquor license to lapse no wine could be served with meals. After supper I took a stroll about the nearby streets and came to realize quickly that the city covers many very steep hills, so steep that many of the streets are paved with stone steps. Within two or three squares of the hotel I stepped into a small, cheap beer hall kept by a German, and took a seat in a corner. There were four or five small tables, the walls were hung with cheap prints, the place was well lighted and fairly clean, and a few customers sat at the tables, and there were four or five not very attractive girls to entertain the guests, which they did by dancing occasionally alone or with the guests to the music of a piano that had seen much service. At any rate it was a good place to rest and was cheerful after

(1926, June, Constantinople.

~~E-1857~~ 1057

a tiresome walk up and down hills. I ordered a glass of beer. As soon as it was served one of the young women came and sat beside me. She had an intelligent and refined looking face, but was exceedingly thin, the kind I have never admired. However she tried to be agreeable, especially after I paid for a package of cigarettts and a glass of wine, which last I suspected was simply colored water. Of course, I understood that it was her business to encourage me to buy drinks for myself and for her to the profit and benefit of the establishment. She tried all her wiles to be agreeable, and in a way it was agreeable for a man who had been living and traveling alone for months to feel a young woman leaning familiarly against him and caressing him as if he were her long lost lover just returned. In due time I ordered a second glass of beer for myself and yielded to her persuasiveness to pay for another glass of pink water for her (for which a champagne price was charged) and at her obvious suggestion tipped the waiter liberally. Conversation lagged because I understood no Greek or Turkish and she understood only a few words of English, French, and German. For the moment I was the only paying customer in the place. Another girl, plump and pretty, detached herself from the group in the other corner and came and took a seat on the bench on my unoccupied side, leaned against me affectionately and pointed to the glasses on the table. Thinking to myself that it was worth the price of a drink just to look at a pretty girl, I nodded, and instantly the waiter set down another glass of pink water, which evidently he had all ready for instant delivery. Girl No.2 threw her arms about my neck and kissed me before taking a sip of her delectable drink. Girl No.1 took advantage of the opportunity to climb into my lap and throw her arms about my neck. To myself I said, "Huh, I wonder if they think I'm a drunken sailor," but submitted as gracefully as I could to their

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1859.

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(1926, June, Constantinople. E--1859.

(1926, June, Constantinople.

~~E-1860~~: 1058

caresses. Girl No.1 tried to make me understand that Girl No.2 was her little sister, that they were very poor, and that they worked hard to support an aged mother and a lot of little sisters and brothers. This was a moving tale and I was sympathetic, but felt no impulse to give them my pocket book. As to their being sisters it was about as incredible as to say that an emaciated Hindoo woman was the sister of a blond Sweedish maiden. The drunken sailor gathered his wits about him and the fountain of wealth dried up as he finished his second glass of beer and decided that he had had enough entertainment for one evening, and a waiter stood before him with two boxes of candy and some trinkets, price somewhere between the equivalent of five and ten dollars, and the two houris clamored for them. I simply shook my head and said "No, no, sorry, no," and demanded my score. It was interesting to watch how the affection of these two houris evaporated, like the wilting of a tender plant in a hot sun. Girl No.1 slid out of my lap and walked with a highly offended air to rejoin her companions in the other corner. Plump little No.2 laid her hand on my shoulder and, looking at me with soulful eyes, pointed to the box of candy on the table. I kissed her, shook my head and got up, paid the score and departed. ^HAs I walked slowly to the hotel I thought, "Well, that was a new experience, and not so bad after all. Not edifying or elevating, but agreeable. No wonder sailors who have had nothing but male companionship and hard work and no amusements for months fall for it. I suspect they get their money's worth and they have my sympathy. Those little places, 'dens of vice' the puritans call them, serve a useful purpose in society and instead of being oppressed by enormous taxes and hounded by crazy ignorant reformers in the name of religion and public morality should be encouraged and improved."

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1860.

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(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1861.

~~At~~^{the} the hotel I found a night clerk who could speak English. He asked me to fill out a card giving my personal history and said I would have to leave my passport~~s~~ with him. He also informed me that the Mahometan Easter was on and that for the next three days no business could be transacted.

Monday, the 21st was clear and hot, but not so hot and dusty as in Athens. I was awakened by a din in the alley next to my room. After breakfast I called on the American Consul, Mr. Allen, who was from Kentucky and had spent several years in Mediterranean countries, including a tour of duty at Damascus. He said th^{at} Turkey is larger than Texas, or France, or Germany, has a rich soil, good forests, and other natural resources, but lacked transportation and was underpopulated. Also that the department of agriculture at Angora was just organizing and that several agricultural schools and colleges had been established. His clerk informed me that the four-day holiday was the feast of Korisham Bairam, the Mahometan Easter, following a period of forty days fasting, and that for four days the people killed fat lambs, feasted and gorged themselves and made merry.

Next I called at the American Embassy and met the two secretaries who alternated between Constantinople and Angora. They advised me that it was simply out of the question to expect to do any business or to go to Angora before Thursday or Friday because all offices were closed and all business suspended during the four day holiday. One of the secretaries, Mr. Treat, promised to write letters to the officials at Angora soliciting their cooperation on my visit and one to an attache of the American Legation at Angora instructing him to meet me at the train and act as my guide and interpreter while there. He also agreed to arrange for an appointment with the American Commissioner the fol-

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(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1862.

lowing day. He explained that the Commissioner represented the United States during the period ~~that~~ our government did not maintain the usual diplomatic relations.

After a most disappointing lunch and a nap I started to walk across to a group of mosques I could see half a mile or more away. It was excessively hot and dusty. I tried to go in a direct line but found it impracticable. The street I followed went down a very steep hill and up another through a very depressing cemetery with little gray stone tombstones that leaned in every direction. These tombstones were about eight inches square, three or four feet high, and looked like old concrete fence posts; and the ground was bare and full of holes as if dogs had been digging in it. From the top of the next hill I could see that I had missed the only bridge across an arm of the sea more than half a mile away, and that there were no cross streets by which I could go to the main road. So I started to retrace my steps and descended the hill, over a dirty cobblestone road, between dilapidated wooden houses that had never been painted and, like the tombstones in the cemetery, leaned in every direction, through dust and dirt under a blazing sun. Half way down I saw an alley leading in the direction of the water front. I turned into it and descended a steep incline for about two city blocks only to find that it was a blind alley and the only way out was to climb back to my starting point. My respect and admiration for the Bizantium empire was not enhanced by that steep climb over cobblestones under a hot sun, but my appreciation of the merits of Enid, Oklahoma, and other towns of barbarous America rose to the uttermost zenith. At last, much fatigued, disappointed, disgusted, ~~and~~ dusty and perspiring freely, I reached the neighborhood of my hotel from which I had started. There was a small, barren little park nearby with

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(1926, June, Constantinople, E--1863.

small pavilion restaurant ^{and} with some tables in the scant shade of a few forlorn looking trees. I sat at one of them and asked for a glass of beer, only to be told that beer was not obtainable. So I took an inferior and rapidly melting ice.

After a brief rest I followed the main street down the hill to the water front. It was very steep and the walking was bad because of the cobblestones. The street was bordered by many small shops full of cheap wares, and full of plainly dressed, solemn, brown looking people. ~~At~~ After a mile of this I came to the bridge across a branch of the harbor full of boats and ships. A short distance beyond the bridge I came to a large mosque, ~~hex~~ very old and very dirty. In front of it was a row of faucets where the dirty populace could wash their feet and hands. I stepped cautiously inside the mosque and was at once approached by an old man with a long beard and wearing a brown bathrobe who handed me a pair of clumsy sandals to slip over my shoes. He accompanied me as I strolled about in the floppy sandals. Inside it was much like a great cathedral with great pillars and walls covered with glazed tiling and floors covered with rugs. People came in, stood for a moment, bowed several times to the east, and then dropped to their knees, prostrated themselves and pressed their foreheads on the floor several times, all in complete silence, and then departed to sin with a clear conscience. Hundreds of electric light bulbs were suspended by wires from the top of the dome which I supposed were lighted on special occasions.

JP Next I walked up a long hill to a park where there were several mosques, a small temple, and two large Egyptian obelisks. Here I walked about in the bare park, took some pictures, saw some excavations and old ruins, and stepped inside the largest of the mosques for a bird's-eye view of the interior, which was similar to the first mosque I had inspected, and then walked out to the

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(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1864.

main street. Here one had a wonderful view of the harbor, the deep blue water, the shipping, a large portion of the city, islands and mountains. "So, this is the Hellespont," I said to myself, "I wonder where it was that the hosts of Xerxes crossed on their bridge of boats, and where Lord Byron swam across." To me the mosques and minarets of Constantinople were highly ornamental, but disappointing because inside they were as unfurnished and plain as the interior of a Maryland barn, but the view from the top of the hill over the sea, the strait, and the city, is one of the rare sights of the world and well worth going half around the world to see. Here, surely, is the Oriental entrance to Europe, beautiful, mysterious, fascinating, with its background of glamorous history.

Returning to the hotel at sundown I had another depressing supper of dried bread, boiled fish, and a cup of tea. Surely, if the Mahometans were feasting, we at the Hotel Londres were fasting for the good of our souls.

The 22d was cool and comfortable. In the forenoon I called on Admiral Bristol, ~~Commissioner~~, representing the United States until diplomatic relations should be resumed. While the United States did not declare war on Turkey it severed diplomatic relations, the United States continuing to protest against the Turkish atrocities against the Armenians and Greeks, which atrocities still continued, but maintained communication with the Turkish government through a ~~Commissioner~~. The ~~Commissioner~~ was very cordial. He sent for Mr. Treat, the secretary of the legation at Angora, who gave me a card to ^{the} Thalik Bey, a sort of chief clerk at Angora. The admiral expressed interest in the International Institute of Agriculture and also in the International Congress of forestry. He said that Turkey was badly in need of reforestation

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1926, June, Constantinople.

3--1865.

because of its effect on climate. With respect to the statistical situation he said that the government had authorized the establishment of a central bureau of statistics and employed a Belgian expert to organize it, and had also authorized the taking of an agricultural census.

I next called upon the American Commercial Attache, Mr. Gillespie, who said that ninety percent of the wheat imported at Constantinople in 1920 was from the United States, because wheat could be transported from the United States cheaper than it could be brought in from the interior of Turkey and near by countries. In 1923 Russia had a wheat shortage, which accounted for the large imports from the United States. He said that the new department of agriculture was making a strong effort to make the country selfsustaining with respect to cereals, and to increase the area and production of cotton. When I mentioned the fact that I had seen in Greece cotton, maize, and tobacco, planted broadcast instead of in rows that could be cultivated, he said the same practice prevailed in Turkey because the peasants wanted to utilize every foot of ground; that the preceeding year a farmer had planted half his crop in rows and his neighbors criticised him severely for wasting so much ground between the rows. He said that much of the Turkish cotton had bolls that did not open and American machinery had been brought in to open them and separate the lint; also that there had been an increase in the area of tobacco because the moslems who were repatriated from Macedonia had brought seed and the art of growing tobacco with them. He said that Turkey's greatest drawback was lack of rain and that the government was concentrating its efforts on roads and agriculture. The previous year seven ~~trax~~ tractors and improved equipment to go with them were brought in. Aside from these the agricultural

because of its effect on climate. With respect to the statistical situation he said that the government had authorized the establishment of a central bureau of statistics and employed a Belgian expert to organize it, and had also authorized the taking of an agricultural census.

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(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1866.

implements, tools, and practices of the country were very primitive, the customary plow being nothing more than a crooked stick, and that the general practice of the farmers was to scratch the ground once, sow some seed, and leave the rest to Allah. If a good crop was harvested they were duly thankful; if not, they were resigned.

At the hotel I asked the porter to arrange for my passport~~e~~ and transportation to Angora. He said that would be impossible before Thursday and that I would have to submit an application for a special permit, ~~yo~~together with five photographs. However, he assured me that ~~e~~verything would be arranged Thursday. He also advised me that I could reach Bucharest by boat and rail through Constanza in 24 hours, whereas the all rail route via Sofia would take three days.

(Regina dei cuore, June 22, gray folder.

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(Regina del cuore, June 22, gray folder.

~~1866~~ - a 1065 -

"K O N - S T A N - T I - N O - P L E,

"Sunday, 20 June, 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Just arrived, 6 p.m., after a wonderful day on the Bosphorus, and the first thing I will do is to get a letter off to you.

"At 2.30 p.m. yesterday I settled my bill at the hotel in Athens--rather stiff, \$7.50 per day without suppers, took a taxi and with my cane, raincoat, and five pieces of hand baggage was driven from Athens to Piraeus, the port, about five miles away, and there boarded the Italian steamer 'Cleopatra.' The boat left at 4 p.m., went through a narrow channel, around the peninsula, and out into the Aegean Sea. It was a clear hot day, but very pleasant on the water. For more than an hour we were in sight of Athens and the ruined temples on top of the Acropolis.

"I had been much disappointed in Athens because it was so excessively modern, so hot, so dusty, and such an utter lack of any sign of green vegetation. It seemed like a city in a desert, and very few signs of the Athens of history. But on the sea, with the modern city hid behind the hills, the Acropolis prominently visible, the hills and mountains surrounding the city looming up, the golden sunlight, made more golden by the cloud of dust that hangs over the city, and the sparkling blue water in the foreground, one could begin to imagine what the old Athens must have looked like and how the temples on the Acropolis must have impressed the ancients as they neared the city in their galleys and primitive ships.

"Until midnight we followed a blue channel from three to fifteen miles wide, with islands and mountains always in sight. The hills and mountains were mostly barren of vegetation and showed up gray, yellow, red, white, blue, or purple, with scarcely a house

or village to be seen; so I presume it looked to me very much as it did to Ulyses and the Argonauts a thousand years before our time--unless the climate has changed.

"The 'Cleopatra' is a small passenger steamer plying between Triest and Constantinople, but the food and service were surprisingly good--very much better than on the Colombo on which I came from New York to Naples. We had tea immediately after the boat started, a nice supper at 7 o'clock, and moving pictures in the evening. I did not sit in on the moving pictures because I preferred to stay out on deck, watch the moonlight on the water, the shadowy outlines of the mountains, and dream about all the things that have happened on these waters. There were not many passengers on board, so I had a cabin all to myself.

"I was out on deck at 6 o'clock this morning. The water was rippling blue, the white gulls were following the ship, and there were islands, hills, and mountains on both sides. At 7 o'clock we entered the Dardanelles^{le}, with fortifications on both sides of the strait. A little later I saw two ships that had been sunk. All day long it was the same, blue sky, blue sea, hills, and shadowy islands and mountains;--a perfect dream picture. Many dolphins were sporting in the water, usually only a short distance away. We passed many small ships headed west, some of them loaded with lumber from Russia.

"At three o'clock we came in sight of Constantinople on the left or north side of the strait. It took us an hour to reach the harbor, another hour to pass customs, and another hour to reach the hotel. From the deck of a steamer Constantinople is one of the most satisfying cities I have seen. It is situated on the side of a hill which slopes to the water's edge, it is about two miles long, its buildings are high and prominent, and the hillside ar-

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rangement makes them all visible, and there are twenty or more mosques, great domed structures with minarets, visible in different parts of the city.

"I accepted the services of a guide at the wharf, and it is well that I did, because the porters do not speak English or French and I don't speak Turkish. There was no tram car or automobiles. The guide explained that a great religious holiday is on, which will last four days, and that is why there were no automobiles. So we walked, and a poor little old man carried my baggage on his back--it weights about 200 pounds--over cobblestone pavements, up a high hill nearly a mile to the Hotel Londres, recommended to me by Cook's agency. And so here I am, wondering what I can accomplish during the remaining three days of holiday.

"I shall never forget the vision of Athens in the golden haze across the blue waters, and the voyage yesterday and today through the enchanted sea and strait with shadowy dreamlike mountains in all directions.

"I had intended to go to Smyrna and cross Asia Minor by rail to Angora, the present capital of Turkey, but was told in Athens that a special permit would have to be obtained and it could best be obtained in Constantinople. Angora is my next destination as soon as I can get the permit and transportation, and then to Bucharest, Budapest, and Vienna.

"I am so glad you got the car and I hope it will behave nicely with you and that it will be a great pleasure to you. Don't be discouraged if it is hard to manage at first and tries your nerves. Remember my experience the first six months. Try to use it as often as you can, a little every day if possible. That will not only give you practice, but keeps away the feeling of uncertainty and dread that grows on one if the machine is not used frequently.

"Well, dearie, I wish you all might have been with me on the boat from Athens to Constantinople. I don't think you would have enjoyed hot, dusty Athens, but I believe you would enjoy the strange sights of Constantinople.

"I greatly enjoyed letters from Sister Nellie and Eunice that came to me just before leaving Athens. I expect nothing more until I reach Bucharest in about two weeks.

"With love to all, from

"Daddy."

"Constantinople,

"22 June, 1926.

"La mia carissima Regina dei Cuore:

"The little fairy tells me that you have gone on your shining way, but a message from me to the old address will be forwarded and may ultimately reach you.

"I left Rome on the morning of June 4th and had a glorious all-day ride through the beautiful scenery of Italy, its vine-clad mountains and green valleys, its blue lakes, rivers, and smiling people, with sunshine and showers, lights and shadows, a day I shall never forget, and arrived at Venice in the evening. And then the wondrous ride in a gondola, stealing silently over the black water, under arched bridges, through deep shadows, and no lights visible except the stars overhead in the narrow space between the tall buildings, the isolated street lamps and their reflections in the canal, and no sounds except the gentle lapping of the wavelets and the peculiar cries of the gondoliers warning each other of the approach to crossings, to a hotel where I had a regal apartment at a ridiculously low price.

"The next day I explored St. Marks, the Square, the Ducal Palace, the Tower, the Grand Canal, and the shops, the most impressive and beautiful of all being a song service in St. Marks

which appealed to me more strongly than any of the services I witnessed or heard in the churches at Rome.

"Then all the next day, Sunday, I was crossing Yugoslavia to Belgrade, where I spent three days; and then on to Sofia, where I spent two days more. Then a day between trains at Nish and another in the same way at Salonique, and then an all-day ride through old Macedonia to Athens.

"Frankly I was disappointed in Athens because of its modernness, the fact that one needs a guide to find the few remains of 'The glory that was Greece,' and the excessive heat and dust. Also I lost patience with the Greek officials for their general futility and pride and said things to them I do not like to say but which were necessary to make them realize their absurd position, with the result that they approved the census project completely and promised all sorts of cooperation before I left. The difficulty lies partly in their financial situation, which is bad, and the fact that they have had to provide for a million and a half repatriated refugees from Asia Minor has taxed their resources and the officials are at their wits end to know what to do.

"Last Saturday I left Athens, went to Piraeus, and there took the Lloyd Triest steamer 'Cleopatra' in the afternoon bound for Constantinople. And then I got the thrill I had been expecting. Half an hour out of the harbor I looked across the shimmering blue sea towards Athens. The ugly modern city was hid behind a range of hills, but the old Acropolis stood out in sharp relief with its immortal temples, and beyond and around it were shadowy blue mountains and over it a golden haze (the effect of dust clouds and strong sunlight) with no habitations or cultivated fields between, so that one could imagine just how the Acropolis and the temples must have looked in the time of Pericles. Then the voyage through the

~~1866--1~~ 2070

Aegean and Ionian Seas, the Dardanel^{le}s, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus, with innumerable islands, hills and mountains always in view, the moonlight and the sunlight flashing from a thousand little wavelets, the shadowy mountains following on either side, and I taking it all in and dreaming about Ulyses and his companions, the Argonauts and the Golden Fleece, the Persian and Grecian fleets at Salamis, the fleets of Anthony and Cleopatra, the galleys and triremes; and looking across the rippling blue waters and seeing the dolphins leaping in procession, and the dim, illusive, fantastic, dreamy, fanciful looking hills and mountains--I could fancy I might see the mermaids and hear the siren songs that appealed so strongly to the imaginations of the ancient mariners.

"And then the approach to Constantinople in the full afternoon sunshine which made every detail stand out sharp and clear. It is a large city with more than a million inhabitants and lies on the slopes of the high hills facing the blue waters of the Bosphorus, with tall buildings and innumerable mosques with domes and minarets, and parks, and old city walls, and portions of old sea walls with turrets and towers. In the evening it is a fair vision to look over the city and see the lights shining from tower and minaret and like golden beads along the streets and across the bridges.

"I could write a book on the wonderfully beautiful things I have seen, but I must stop. I am keeping my photographic record as usual. I have been more successful with the census project than I had reason to expect. I thought of you and of the loved ones at home on my sunny and showery trip through Italy, at Venice, Athens, and the wonderful voyage from Piraeus to Constantinople. And so, please write me a line now and then, if only a postal, to let me know that all is well with you. Letters will be forwarded from the old address.

~~1866--g~~ 2071

"I am headed for Angora, the new capital of Turkey, but need a special permit, with five photographs, which I cannot obtain until Thursday because there is a four-day festival under way, the feast of Kourban Bairam, the Turkish Easter. Thence to Bucharest, Budapest, and Vienna.

"May the good fairies attend you, as they do me in all my travels. Au revoir, auf wiedersehen, ariverderci.

"A Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1867.

Wednesday, the 23d, was pleasant, following a shower in the morning. In the forenoon I rode in a tram car across the bridge and up the hill to the park and group of mosques. The bridge crosses an arm of the sea, which is deep and blue and covered with craft of all descriptions from very small boats to large ocean liners. The city is built on steep hills, the narrow streets paved with cobblestones, the houses of wood and five or six stories in height, most of them with latticed balconies in front, and there are many mosques with domes and minarets^a that are very high in proportion to their diameter and look like pointed columns. It is difficult to photograph the mosques because of their great size and the steep slope of the hills about them. On the streets one saw very few native costumes. One is surprised at the whiteness of the skin of some of the women. Some of them had yellow hair and blue eyes. ~~One of the notable facts~~^{features} of street life was the number of porters, many of whom were old, who carry most of the goods that have to be transported from the wharves and warehouses to and between other points in the city, made necessary by the steepness of the hills the sides of which were ascended by means of stone steps that made vehicular traffic impossible. These porters carried enormous burdens great distances. Their carrying capacity was equal to that of the donkeys of Italy. ~~P~~ Very few horses, mules, donkeys, or dogs were seen. There were a few street car lines and a very few automobiles, especially new Ford cars. These cars were so new as to be bright and shiny and had only recently been put on the streets. Their young drivers ran them full speed up and down steep grades regardless of rough spots and consequences. The almost complete absence of grass, trees, and other vegetation is noticeable. In the parks were many soldiers and some young women, all behaving with the utmost decorum. In

E--1867.

(1926, June, Constantinople.

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(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1868.

fact, the general aspect of the street population was one of soberness and dignity.^P In the entire city outside of a small area occupied by foreign hotels there were no restaurants that sold alcoholic beverages of any kind, but many coffee houses. The coffee is served scalding hot in small cups, is as black as indelible ink, with a brown scum on top and a thick layer of sediment or paste in the bottom, and very sweet. Promenading the streets are water and coffee^e vendors who carry on their backs a container with a capacity of about five gallons and over these are tied pieces of cloth or bunches of green leaves as a protection against the hot sun. The water carriers have a bell with which they attract the attention of customers. The coffee^e men carry a convoluted metal contraption as tall as themselves, big at the bottom and pointed at the top, which they carry slung diagonally across their backs, from which they serve hot coffee^e.

^P A characteristic custom is that of smoking tobacco through a narghil, which is a closed vessel ~~xxx~~ about eighteen inches high and is set on the floor. Attached to it is a rubber tube six feet long, with an ornamental mouth piece, through which the smoker draws the smoke. On top of the narghil is a small receptacle in which are some coals that glow with each breath that is drawn. Although I looked closely I did not discover just where the tobacco is placed, but I assumed that it was in the receptacle under the coals and that sucking on the mouthpiece created a partial vacuum which caused the smoke to pass through the jar of water and out through the pipe, being cooled in the process.

I had a disappointing luncheon and was taking a nap, when the porter announced that someone wanted to talk to me over the telephone. I dressed hastily and went to the only telephone in the hotel, at the clerk's desk, and a voice said a letter had been received for me at the Consulate.

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A characteristic custom is that of smoking tobacco through a marghil, which is a closed vessel ~~xxx~~ about eighteen inches high and is set on the floor. Attached to it is a rubber tube six feet long, with an ornamental mouth piece, through which the smoker draws the smoke. On top of the marghil is a small receptacle in which are some coals that glow with each breath that is drawn. Although I looked closely I did not discover just where the tobacco is placed, but I assumed that it was in the receptacle under the coals and that sucking on the mouthpiece created a partial vacuum which caused the smoke to pass through the jar of water and out through the pipe, being cooled in the process.

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(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1869.

In the late afternoon I walked down to the waterfront and hired a small boat with a chair in it and was rowed about the harbor for nearly an hour. I saw a White Star liner get under way. Out in the harbor the water was choppy and very dark in color, and full of jelly fish that were circular in form with a five pointed star in the middle. I tried to hook one with my cane, but they invariably slipped off. In spite of their transparency they seemed to be quite solid.

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1874.

Thursday, the 24th. At last the long drawn out Boutan Bairam was ended and the Mahometan world was open for business. It was a tiresome experience for a lone American to be stranded in Constantinople for four days with all business establishments closed, especially when lodged in a tenth rate country hotel. After breakfast I walked to the American Consulate, where I received a letter from my secretary in Rome saying the doctor advised that she must leave the office in July and expressing her concern about the conduct of the office during her absence. At the office of the American Express Company I purchased some Turkish money (186,500 piasters for \$100). At the hotel I wrote some letters.

(Miss Broad, June 24, ~~gray~~ folder.

In the late afternoon I walked down to the waterfront and hired a small boat with a chair in it and was rowed about the harbor for nearly an hour. I saw a White Star liner get under way. Out in the harbor the water was choppy and very dark in color, and full of jelly fish that were circular in form with a five pointed star in the middle. I tried to hook one with my cane, but they invariably slipped off. In spite of their transparency they seemed to be quite solid.

After a late and very disappointing supper I walked out on the street for awhile and was again disappointed at the lack of light and movement or place of amusement in the evening. I stepped into a cheap dance hall next to "Mike's Place" that I had visited a few nights previously. This was similar in every respect. I had no sooner taken a seat and ordered a glass of beer when a young woman entered, glanced about, and came directly to my table, greeted me with a smile and, uninvited, took a seat next to me. I immediately recognized her as the "little sister" of the slim one I had met in the other place. This one was exceedingly attractive, petite, plump, well formed, fully developed, neatly dressed, about sixteen, with a white velvety skin, large black eyes, and black hair. About her neck and shoulders, smiling, but

(Miss Broad, June 24, 1926, E--1869.)

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1870. 2075-

was the proprietress, took a seat at our table and reached for the third glass. I also reached for it and said coldly, "Who invited you here? No, No, No, leave us alone. This is for the young lady and myself, not for you. Go away," and I said it in English, French, Spanish, Italian, and bad German, and if she did not understand the words, she did my look of disgust, my gestures, and the tone of my voice. She drank the glass of wine, got up very reluctantly, and walked with an offended air behind the counter.

The girl at my side had been silent and still as a mouse while I was sending the fat one packing, but now she cuddled up to me and smiled in a most engaging manner. When our wine was finished she suggested brokenly and by pointing that we go up into a little balcony above the counter. That looked promising, so we adjourned to the balcony. A waiter followed and I ordered another bottle of wine, which was brought. With arms about each other's waists we had just begun to sip our wine when an anemic, very pale and cadaverous young man, also of the Jewish persuasion, came up and took a seat facing us at the next table. I was disgusted at this intrusion, because his only object seemed to be to look at us. The lovely creature at my side made me understand that if I gave the young male scarecrow opposite the equivalent of a dollar he would withdraw. It was such an obvious scheme to extract money from a customer with a pretty girl as a lure that I revolted. I pretended not to understand, and before I left I proposed to myself to try an experiment. I smiled and feigned good humor. I put my arm about the young lady and kissed her soundly, and then with both arms slid her into my lap. She settled down comfortably and smiled sweetly when I pointed my finger to the cadaverous young man opposite and said aloud, "I hope he enjoys it as much as I do." As a matter of fact I enjoyed holding

(1926, June, Constantinople.

~~E-1871.~~ 2076

this enticing young woman in my lap and caressing her, just as I would a kitten, and was perfectly willing to pay for the privilege, but simply could not think of being exploited by extortionists. The cadaver still stared us in the face. When our bottle of wine was exhausted I unlocked the arms of the fair creature from about my neck and dexterously slid her into the adjoining chair, and then I stood up and called for the account.

When a waiter brought it I made payment, stooped down and kissed the girl for the last time, and advancing to the cadaver opposite, said "Get out, you skunk, get out." He got out, which made me think that I should have done it before. The girl followed me down the stairs to the main floor, a vision of beauty. As I stepped onto the main floor I glanced one side and saw the fat proprietress with a rather malignant look on her face, and the cadaver was standing beside her and something in their countenances made me suspect he was her son. Just because of that hostile look I pointed to the cadaver and said, "Madam, if you want to make money out of this place you had better get rid of that, and never sit at a table and drink your own wine that some one else pays for unless you are invited." The proprietress looked rather puzzled, as well she might, not understanding English very well, and there was a burst of sound from three British sailors in a corner, and cries of ~~Year, Year, Year~~ "Year, 'ear, 'ear, 'ear, bury the corpse, Hurrah for England and America, Year, 'ear, Year." I looked to the corner from which the voices came and saw three young British sailors. I waved my hand at them and called out "Cherio," at which they clapped their hands. Then I turned to the Greek maiden and taking her by the hand I led her to the group of young British tars and said, "Allow me, gentlemen, to introduce to you the fairest flower in Constantinople; treat her well and

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E-1872, 2077

give her a good time; ~~she's the fairest flower of Constantinople;~~
but look out for the fat one and the corpse, because they are out
~~for~~ for your money and nothing else." "Right-O," said one of
their number, "We'll carry on where you left off." So I left
the fair damsel with those three pink~~ed~~-cheeked, bright-eyed,
intelligent and alert young Britons, and what happened thereafter
I know not. ^PAs I wended my way to the hotel I thought, ^{of} in the
immortal legend of Punch, "What fools these mortals be," and
clearly I was one of them. Casting up the account, I solilo-
quized that I had had the pleasure of holding a fair young girl
in my arms for some minutes, had caressed her, had hoped and
expected that it would last for a longer period, at a cost of
about five dollars, and decided that it was worth it; but, I had
been intruded upon, interfered with, and spied upon by a loathsome
fat woman and her cadaverous son, and all my pleasure was spoiled.
It w^{as} just wasn't worth what it cost in time and money and personal
selfrespect. Why ^{is} was it, I speculated, that men derive pleasure
from ~~and pay good money to see~~ ^{ing} a woman's legs or feel ^{ing} of her
breasts, ^{and will pay good money for it.} We belong to the animal kingdom and these desires are
perfectly natural and come down to us from millions of years of
ancestry and evolution, and yet all other members of the animal
kingdom do ~~not~~ not wear artificial coverings, conceal their natur-
al beauty, It all goes to show how artifice our modern civiliz-
ed life has become. Perhaps that was the reason the girls of all
the allied nations during the great war threw themselves with the
utmost ~~and~~ glad abandon into the arms of the young soldiers and
without ceremony or certificate bore children to them, just as
good children as ever were born in wedlock. Surely the war broke
up the artificial crust of our civilization and the young people
in many countries broke through the established conventions of

(1926, June, Constantinople.

1875. 2078'

dress and behavior, and surely that is the reason why the young people of the United States are so free with each other and get so much joy out of petting parties, and why a young woman is no longer considered ruined and to be ostracised as abandoned because she displays a pretty pair of legs or uses paint and powder in public. Well, maybe the time will come when they will shed most if not all the clothes they now wear. If so, men would not have to pay a price to see a woman in all her natural beauty. Nor would he or she lose caste. But what would become of the middle-aged and elderly women of both sexes? I wonder if that's the reason for all our taboos and inhibitions? I wonder if the middle-aged and elderly women of both sexes really are responsible for the unnatural state of affairs we have all been brought up under--whether they really make the rules and laws of society. If so, I am for open rebellion and wish the younger generation all success in their revolt, which I consider more than justified. I suspect other men and women of my age think much the same, and that is why the young people have gone so far on the road to freedom and progress; it's because the old people deep down in their hearts sympathize with them, especially the middle-aged married men who never even saw the female form divine of their wives. Well, it's a controversial subject and I have expressed my thought to show the evolution of my point of view of so-called morals. Morals! Why morals? What difference is there in the morals of a man and a woman sitting side by side, shoulder to shoulder, arm to arm, and leg to leg, in a restaurant in the presence of a throng of people, and the same man and woman, or any other man and woman, sitting side by side and squeezed together, shoulder to shoulder and leg to leg, in a street car? I'll bet that question would set the old women of both sexes to discussing original sin and related taboos. So soliloquizing, I reached my hotel and retired.

(1926, June, Constantinople.

~~E-1874~~. 1079

Thursday, the 24th. At last the long drawn out Boutan Bairam was ended and the Mahometan world was open for business. It was a tiresome experience for a lone American to be stranded in Constantinople for four days with all business establishments closed, especially when lodged in a tenth rate country hotel. After breakfast I walked to the American Consulate, where I received a letter from my secretary in Rome saying the doctor advised that she must leave the office in July and expressing her concern about the conduct of the office during her absence. At the office of the American Express Company I purchased some Turkish money (186,500 piasters for \$100). At the hotel I wrote some letters.

(Miss Broad, June 24, gray folder.

~~1874~~ - a 2080

"Constantinople, 24 June, 1926.

"Miss Valda A. Broad,

"International Institute of Agriculture,

"Rome, Italy.

"Dear Miss Broad:

"This morning I received your letter of June 19 and am sorry to learn that you are still suffering from the after-effects of your illness last winter. I sincerely hope that you will fully regain your former good health. Your health is the first consideration, and if it is necessary to leave in July, please feel free to do so-- simply ask Mr. Longobardi to acknowledge receipt of official letters and forward private letters to me. I will arrange to compensate him for his trouble later.

"Regarding Miss Fitzpatrick: If she could enter on duty at or before the time you leave and is competent I should say engage her; but if she cannot begin work until a month or more after you leave I would not feel justified in employing her, at least until after my return.

"Please get from Mr. Carlisle a statement of his qualifications and experience and forward it to me for consideration.

"In all probability I shall return to Rome for a week or ten days after I finish up at Vienna and can then make definite arrangements for the future conduct of the office.

"I have been greatly disappointed over the time lost at Constantinople--four whole days on account of a national religious festival during which no business is transacted and I could not get a visé on my passport for Angora, so that I lost all the time I gained at Sofia. I am leaving for Angora this afternoon.

"Constantinople is picturesque but ~~da d~~ red unsanitary, and a horrible place to live in, with an incomprehensible spoken

and written language, poor food, high prices, taxes on top of taxes, damnable cobblestone pavements to walk on, more dirt and smells and dust and heat than one would believe ~~is~~ possible-- and I strongly suspect the harem is a myth.

"With best wishes for your full and complete recovery and for a bright future, and hoping to see you before you leave, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1875.

After luncheon I settled my account with the hotel, including a liberal percentage for the service. However, this did not prevent the hotel servants, help, and attaches, many of whom I had never seen, from lining up with extended hands at the hotel entrance when I left. I simply shook my head and passed on. A tip to the desk clerk brought a taxi to take me to the waterfront where the driver engaged a villainous looking porter to get my baggage on to the boat that was to take me to the Scutari side of the strait and accompany me to the train. We had a long wait at the ferry boat, which was filled to capacity. Within ten minutes we were on the other side and I was soon installed in a compartment on a train bound for Angora. Another long wait followed. The train got in motion at 4.35 p.m. I was travelling first class and had the compartment to myself, which was a matter of congratulation because it was too small for two persons and their baggage.

For an hour after leaving Scutari we passed through suburbs, scattering villages, market gardens, small fields of wheat, rye, barley, and oats, the straw very short and the heads fully ripe. A few Persian walnut, fig trees, and vineyards, were also to be seen. The railroad followed an arm of the sea for many miles in which are many islands. Shadowy mountains were demly visible both to the south and to the north. This continued until 6 p.m. when we left the water and crossed an open stretch of country. About half the land seemed to be in wheat and rye, fully ripe and some of it being cut with hand sickles. Occasionally a small patch of tobacco plants was to be seen. The villages were small and far apart. The farm houses were simply hovels. Most of the gardens were irrigated with water raised from wells by a crude apparatus operated by a pony. There were many small orchards of olive, walnut, lemon, pear, cherry, and other trees. Among the

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wild flowers in bloom were hollyhocks, eryngerum, and ~~Op~~ppies; and among the weeds dock and wild carrot were plentiful. The hills were covered with low growing scrub brush. ~~A~~ few flocks of sheep and small herds of cattle were seen. ~~By~~ By 6.30 we were again following a broad sheet of water, apparently two or three miles across, deep blue in color, with mountains on either side and covered with woods to their tops and cultivated fields on their slopes. In places the road ran within a few yards of the water's edge and one could see that it was crystal clear. Very few birds were to be seen. At 6.45 p.m. the train stopped at a small station at the foot of a mountain whose slopes were covered with olive trees. Apparently the entire population of the nearby village was at the station to see the train come in. The houses in the village were of wood, unpainted, weathered a rusty brown or gray, badly in need of repairs, and depressing in appearance. Most of them were three stories in height and had latticed balconies in front. Also the lower half of all windows was covered with a fine lattice work of wood, the apertures about three-fourths of an inch square, so that those within could see out but those without could not see in. Not so many native costumes were to be seen here as in the cities and towns of Bulgaria. Most of the population wore clothing of European style, but the older women still wore a veil or piece of cloth over their hair. At 8 p.m. we came to Ismet, which seemed to be a large town, and several warships were anchored near it.

Friday, June 25, was bright, clear and pleasant. I awoke at 4.15 a.m. We were passing through a flat stretch of country with a wide marsh to one side, ripe grain fields and people harvesting with hand sickels on the other. By 6 o'clock we were among some rounded hills. A small station sign indicated that

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were covered with low growing scrub brush. A few flocks of sheep among the weeds dock and wild carrot were plentiful. The hills

1926, June, Soutari-Angora. 1876.

(1926, June, Scutari-Angora.

E--1877.

it was 765 metres above sea level (about 2,400 feet). These hills were treeless and uninhabited except for small hamlets fifteen or twenty miles apart. The soil was light in color and character, full of pebbles, and but little of it was in cultivation, most of it being in treeless and rather scanty pasture. Many pretty wild flowers were to be seen, mostly red poppies and blue chickory, and a yellow flowered plant that was strange to me. At one of the little stations I saw some familiar looking sparrows and a large bird resembling a crow. The most conspicuous of living things were cranes or storks with black bodies and white wings and necks. They are larger than turkeys, have long legs and stately walk, long bills, and tails about six inches long, and they can be seen at a great distance.

To me this open, uninhabited hill country was very interesting. At one little station I saw six or eight carts with solid wooden wheels. In the open country we passed several graveyards with rude headstones, and no houses or villages in sight. At 9 am. we stopped at a small station surrounded by rounded hills and mountains in the background, and no signs of agriculture in sight. Shortly thereafter we passed through a ledge of rock full of small fossil shells and pebbles. All the forenoon we followed the course of a brook, always between barren rounded hills and mountains, with only an occasional cultivated patch between. The few patches of wheat were very poor, with short straw and small heads. It was a treeless country. I noted a few flocks of sheep and goats, a few horses, and some cattle that seemed to be one-third buffalo.

At 11.30 the train reached the station on the outskirts of Angora, a mile or more from the town proper. I had been led to believe by the Commissioner and his secretary at Constantinople that I would be met at the station by Malik Bey, attached to the

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(1926, June, Goutari-Angora.

E--1877.

(1926, June, Angora.

E--1878.

legation, and his appearance and uniform had been described minutely so that I should recognize him at sight. However, no one of this description was to be seen at the station. None of the porters about the station could understand any language that I spoke, nor could I understand a word of Turkish. One of them, more enterprising than the others, grabbed my baggage, carried it to the other side of the station and deposited it in a dilapidated looking carriage. For this service he demanded 100 piasters. I protested; he refused to accept half that amount which I tendered; a half dozen other porters gathered about and raised such a din and were so villainous looking that I compromised by paying what he demanded. Later I learned that the customary charge was 25 piasters. ^HThe secretary at the legation in Constantinople had said that the Hotel Hassen was by far the best in Angora. When I called out the name of this hotel to the driver he nodded and drove off. As we passed up the principal street of the town I looked about for the Hotel Hassen, expecting to see a small but new building of perhaps four stories of brick or concrete, because surely the new capital of Turkey must have a decent hotel, even though it might be small; and it should be new because the capital was new and many new buildings were under construction. Imagine my surprise when the driver turned down a narrow alley and stopped before a little, old, wooden dwelling, with a small space that looked like a backyard between the house and the alley. The door and windows were closed and no one was in sight. I thought the driver must have misunderstood me and repeated slowly and distinctly "Ho-tel Has-sen." He nodded and pointed to the little house. Then I saw a small, inconspicuous sign "Hotel Hassen." The driver set my baggage on the ground and held out his hand. I paid him what he asked. He drove off hurriedly and left

(1926, June, Angora.

E-1878.

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--1879.

me standing alone in a deserted alley looking^k dubiously at the sign "Hotel Hassen" across what looked like a back yard of a small old wooden, two story ~~hm~~ dwelling. I opened the gate, walked quickly to the door and banged on it with my ~~fixx~~ cane, and turned so I could keep an eye on my baggage. A boy of about ten opened the door, which he held partly closed, and looked at me with interest. I said the one word "Hotel." He shut the door in my face and I heard his footsteps and voice on the other side of the door. Then a middle aged woman appeared and looked at me inquiringly. I pointed to my baggage. She started toward it and I followed. I helped her carry it into the house. She opened the door of a little hall bedroom containing an iron bed, a chair, a box on which was a basin and pitcher of water. The walls were bare, painted green, and there was one small window. In English, French, Spanish, and Italian, and German, I asked for a larger and better room. She simply shook her head. Thinking that at least here was a place to leave my baggage while I looked about for better accommodations, I nodded and she brought in the baggage. Then she produced a blank form in French, which I filled out, giving my personal history and that of my family and ancestors. This formality attended to I inquired about dinner, as it was now after noon. She apparently could understand nothing I said, but seemed to understand when I fell back on the universal sign language, whereupon she shook her head, from which I understood that the hotel did not serve meals. ~~After~~ After I had washed up I went through the alley to the main street to look for a restaurant. I saw none. I stepped into several small shops and asked ~~taxxxx~~ in French to be directed to a restaurant, but proprietors and employes all shook their heads. "Well," I said to myself, "this is getting interesting. In the capital of modern Turkey there must be restaurants. People have to eat. I'll find one if

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--1879.

(1926, June, Angora.

E--1880.

it takes all day. Wouldn't hurt me to miss a meal anyhow. But I wish that condemned sun was not so infernally hot." Then I spied a young gentleman clad in a neat military uniform and I surmised that he was French. I approached him, raised my hat and said "Pardon, monsieur," whereat he saluted, and asked him if he could direct me to a restaurant. He smiled gravely and replied, "Avec beaucoup de plaisir, monsieur," and very obligingly he led the way up the street one block and turned the corner and pointed to a Hungarian restaurant. It was a small place, cheap and not very clean, but the proprietor understood French. ~~after a fairly good lunch~~ He was able to tell me how to find the American Legation, but said it might be closed because Friday is the Mahometan Sabbath. ^P I walked to the legation, which also was on a side street. It seemed to be closed, but after banging on several doors one of them was opened by Melik Bey himself. Then my language troubles were over because he spoke English quite well. He explained that he had received no instruction from the Commissioner at Constantinople regarding me, probably because there were no mails during the national holidays. He readily accompanied me to the "Hotel Hassen" and explained to the proprietor who I was and what I wanted. He accepted my invitation to lunch with me and together we returned to the Hungarian restaurant, where we had a better meal than I had had since leaving the steamer at Constantinople, at a cost of about \$2.75. Melik Bey said he was a graduate of Cornell University and greatly enjoyed his life in America. He assured me that no business could be transacted that day because it was the Mahometan Sunday. He agreed to take me over the town after four o'clock and to arrange to have me meet the officials the following day.

I returned to my bare little room and took a nap. I was

(1926, June, Angora. E--1880.

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--1881.

tired and sleepy from having gotten up so early in the morning, but because of my appointment with Melik Bey I roused myself and dressed at 4 p.m. After waiting for an hour I walked to the Legation and found it closed. Returning to the hotel I waited another hour without sign of Melik Bey. I walked through the town to a small but picturesque mosque, and behind it found the remains of a small Greek temple. There was a fine square portal of white marble, and inside were fragments of marble columns and much carving. On top of the walls were several nests of storks with young ones sticking their heads over the sides to see what was going on below.

Following the principal narrow winding street I walked across to the other side of the town. Across a hollow and ravine was the old hill town of Angora, a town on top of a high hill with precipitous sides and surrounded by a high stone wall. I followed the narrow road across to the old town. Near the entrance and to one side was an old mosque half in ruins and occupied by Gypsies. The great stone wall around the town was constructed of large blocks of masonry and among them were fragments of marble columns, facades, and slabs bearing inscriptions in Greek, and several badly mutilated marble lions were included in the conglomeration of material. From the top of the hill one has a fine view of the surrounding country. The city appears to be in the middle of a plain ~~tw~~ ten or fifteen miles across and surrounded by low rounded mountains, smooth in outline and of varying colors, green, gray, mauve, or golden. The distant landscape has a curious resemblance to the country surrounding Tananarivo in Madagascar. As in all towns constructed for defence on the tops of mountains or hills one wonders how the inhabitants obtained water. I walked through the arched entrance and part way through the little

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--1882.

town. Soldiers were on guard about the entrance. What appeared to be the principal street was only a few feet in width and paved with cobblestones. The houses seemed to be very old, two stories or more in height, with small laticed balconies at each window.

Although this was the Mahometan Sunday work was progressing on a number of buildings in the new town. All the old buildings showed no signs of ever having been painted and were much dilapidated, as if they had never been repaired. The people on the streets were rather repulsive in appearance, mostly dark brown in complexion with black hair and eyes, their clothing old, ragged, and badly soiled as if it had never been cleaned. Very few women were to be seen on the streets, and those were mostly old, wore baggy trousers, and had their faces partly concealed with pieces of cloth.

Shortly after 6.30 p.m. Mr. Melik appeared and apologized for not having kept his appointment. Together we walked through a part of the town and entered a narrow alley. We called on Dr. and Mrs. Allen, who were living in rented rooms on the second floor of one of the little houses. It was a great surprise to me to see a room fitted up in homelike fashion amid such surroundings. Dr. Allen had been in Angora several months as a representative of the Rockefeller Institute, trying to help the officials of the Turkish government in their campaign against malaria. He had not been able to accomplish much because the government had engaged the services of some German specialists. For several months he had been trying to induce the officials to designate five promising young Turkish medical students to go abroad and prepare themselves to become specialists, their expenses to be paid by the International Health Board, the government or the students to elect any university in Europe or America; but so far Dr. Allen had succeed-

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Shortly after 6.30 p.m. Mr. Melik appeared and apologized for not having kept his appointment. Together we walked through a part of the town and entered a narrow alley. We called on Dr. and Mrs. Allen, who were living in rented rooms on the second floor of one of the little houses. It was a great surprise to me to see a room fitted up in homelike fashion amid such surroundings. Dr. Allen had been in Angora several months as a representative of the Rockefeller Institute, trying to help the officials of the Turkish government in their campaign against malaria. He had not been able to accomplish much because the government had engaged the services of some German specialists. For several months he had been trying to induce the officials to designate five promising young Turkish medical students to go abroad and prepare themselves to become specialists, their expenses to be paid by the International Health Board, the government or the students to elect any university in Europe or America; but so far Dr. Allen had succeeded.

(1926, June, Angora.

E--1883.

ed in securing only one candidate, because the officials were suspicious of such an offer. The doctor was from Colorado and his wife from Kansas. They had taken a trip through the southern part of Asia Minor, generally known as Anatolia, and said that the country to the south and east is much better than the northern part, the land is more fertile and there are more trees. He said that the main difficulty in dealing with the malaria problem was the swampy nature of large areas, but that these areas could be drained and the mosquitos kept under control.

Together we walked to a restaurant which the Europeans call the "Club," because most of them got their meals there. We had a very satisfactory supper at a little table in the open. We sat and chatted until after 11 p.m., and my companions accompanied me to my hotel.

Saturday, June 26, was clear and hot. Had difficulty in shaving because the only mirror was about the size of my hand and rested on a small wooden stand so that I had to sit in a chair and lean over to see what I was doing. After a light breakfast I took a walk up the street in the bright sunshine. The sides of the street and the cross alleys were full of villainous looking loafers squatting on the ground. At 10 a.m. I called at the legation and met Melik Bey and Dr. Allen, who had some photographs to show me. Then Melik Bey took me to the department of agriculture where I had satisfactory interviews with various officials. Several of them had lived in the United States and could speak English. They readily gave full information relating to the organization of their government, their Department of Agriculture, and the situation of agriculture in Turkey. Also they gave me their best estimate of areas and production of different crops. They readily promised full cooperation in the proposed agricultural

(1926, June, Ankara.

E--1883.

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--1884.

census. ^PIn the afternoon the chief of the statistical section took me to see M. Jacquart, the Belgian specialist who had been engaged to organize the Bureau of Statistics. He was obviously French, which meant that he was formal, ceremonious, extremely polite, but suspicious, reserved, and noncommittal regarding his plans as though he feared he might inadvertently divulge important state secrets. Among the difficulties he mentioned that would be encountered in taking the census was that the people live in villages, of which there were more than 300, and that while each has a head or mayor, these officials had no clerks or gendarms with which to take the census, so that it would be necessary to employ men to do the work, pay them salaries and traveling expenses; that the streets are not named nor the houses numbered; and that many people in the same village have exactly the same name and are distinguished only by adding the locality in which they live; as, Smith by the well, Smith at the foot of the hill, Smith by the big stone, or Smith in the hollow; that a recent government decree had required all persons to register their names, and many persons had to consult their relatives in person or by letters written for them ~~to relatives~~ in order to ascertain what was their family name; also married women retain their maiden names; then there was the lack of communication, either by rail, telephone or telegraph, so that it sometimes took from one to three months to communicate with remote points. In fact, he became quite animated in describing the difficulties in the way of taking a census or establishing a statistical service, for the moment forgetting that he was betraying military information of the utmost importance, i.e., ignorance and disorganization of the population, and lack of communication.

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(1926, June, Angora.)

E--1884.

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--1885.

sleeper reservation the following day, and he agreed to accompany me to the police station for a permit to leave, and to the railway station to protect me from the importunities of rapacious porters. He told me that plural marriages were abolished by a law that was to go into effect at the beginning of July, 1926, all plural marriages contracted up to that date to remain valid until the death of the contracting parties.

I spent the afternoon writing up my notes and straightening out my reimbursement account. In the evening I took Melik Bey to the "Restaurant Club" for supper. He said that the national musical instrument is a sort of guitar; that the Turkish men meet together, but the women do not; that a young Circassian friend had informed him that at midnight the Circassian young ^{men} and women meet for entertainment, which is wholly contrary to Turkish custom; that this custom came about because the Circassians are notably beautiful and their young women are chosen as wives and concubines of the sultans, and that after living in the harem a sufficient length of time they were permitted occasionally to return to their native villages to visit their own people, and when they did so they took the initiative in bring^{ing} the young people together. He said the title "Bey" corresponded to our title "Mister," and always followed the surname instead of preceding it.

Upon returning to my hotel at 11 p.m., I was feeling cheerful because this was the fourth successive country in which the officials had assured me of cooperation in the census project, and all four of them were backward and difficult countries. Received a letter from Queen of Hearts reproaching me for not stopping off at Florence.

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--1886.

Sunday, the 27th. After breakfast I walked up the main street and saw a mob of men, young and old, who forcibly took a bundle of newspapers from a man who was selling them, after which the mob separated into groups and in each group one of their number scanned the paper and read aloud from it. The cause of the excitement was an account in the paper of the ^{arrest} ~~trial~~ of a group of conspirators at Smyrna whose plot to assassinate Kemal Pasha had been discovered. Many members of the legislative assembly and many prominent citizens of Angora were implicated, which accounted for the intense interest in Angora.

At 10.30 Melik Bey accompanied me to police headquarters where I obtained a special Turkish passport~~s~~ and permit to leave. I had to give them a photograph and answer many questions. The officials asking the questions seemed very impatient and a little sarcastic when I said that after more than half a century I could not give them the name of the street and the number of the house in which I was born, because when that even occurred I was not interested in streets or numbers. Then we went to the railway station and I paid for a sleeper ticket, which left me with barely enough change to see me back to the hotel in Constantinople. A railway ticket could not be purchased because the agent would not be at the station until a few minutes before the train was to leave.

In the afternoon the director of statistics and the director of scientific work took me in an automobile to the agricultural experiment station that was being established a few miles from the city. Everything was very new, the laboratory buildings had only recently been completed, and the laboratory staff was setting up and installing scientific apparatus of various kinds. They were all very enthusiastic about their new equipment and work.

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(1926, June, Angora.

E--~~on~~ 1887.

On the return trip we stopped to inspect an agricultural training school, of which there were said to be twelve in the country. One of my companions who had spent nine years in the United States said that the young people of Turkey were impatient to make of their country a modern State and that the Turkish officials wished only to develop the natural resources of their country within their own boundaries, but because they were short of men and promptly available resources they feared aggression from other nations. He said their feeling was that if the rest of the world would let them alone for ten years they would then be in a position to defend themselves and proceed with their program of internal development. Another problem of the new government was that of maintaining an army sufficient to preserve order, because a large portion of the population was conservative and reactionary and bitterly opposed to the new ways, the change of old customs, and the breaking of old traditions. He further said that all the newly organized branches of the government were headed by men educated in the best universities of Europe and America with modern ideas. Another problem was that of training a technical staff for the government that could and would carry out these ideas and the new program. He said that the foreign specialists employed by the government were paid about \$300 a month, and that the skilled mechanics got as much as a scientific specialist because of the building activity at Angora, which was two or three times the pay of the clerical staff.

We returned to the "Hotel Hassen" barely in time to settle my account, reach the railway station, purchase a ticket, and get seated before the train started. This was made possible only by the present^{ce} of Melik Bey who greatly facilitated matters. I bid my friends good by~~e~~, and as the train got under way I gave a last look at Angora and wished I might never see it again.

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We returned to the "Hotel Hassan" barely in time to settle my account, reach the railway station, purchase a ticket, and get seated before the train started. This was made possible only by the presence of Melik Bey who greatly facilitated matters. I bid my friends good bye, and as the train got under way I gave a last look at Angora and wished I might never see it again.

(1926, June, En route to Constantinople. E--1888.

Monday, the 2⁸~~7~~th, bright and hot. I had a bad night because of a light I could not turn out and the compartment was full of buzzing flies and mosquitos that were a pest. When daylight came I saw that we were traversing a region new to me because I passed through it in the night on the trip out. Mountains were close up and covered with green scrub growth and a few scattering trees. For an hour or more we followed a small stream about twenty yards wide that flowed swiftly over ~~a~~ a rocky bed. Lower down the valley broadened out to a mile or more in width in which were fields of wheat, maize, potatoes, and the fields were dotted with walnut and fruit trees. At 8 a.m. we reached a lake that appeared ~~to~~ be two miles across and several miles long. Near it were orchards of apple, cherry, plum, and other fruit trees, twenty to thirty feet high, and loaded with fruit. This section was quite attractive. At 9 a.m. we reached Ismet off which were anchored several ancient warships. From this point on I had seen all that was to be seen on the trip out. I noticed that many of the laborers in the fields were women. They wore loose trousers and an aporn behind. ~~xxxx~~

Scutari was reached at 11.45, where I employed a guide for 300 piasters to take charge of my baggage and see me through to the hotel in Stanⁿ~~bul~~~~l~~, the local name for Constantinople on the other side of the strait. We reached the hotel in less than an hour. My first inquiry was as to when the first ship left for Constanza, and ^g~~was~~ was informed that it would be on Thursday, and ~~tht~~ the cost would be 5,200 piasters as against 6,500 piasters by rail and three days time.

Immediately after luncheon I went to the office of the American Express Company and purchased some Turkish money and steamer and railway tickets to Bucharest. On the way back I left

(1926, June, En route to Constantinople. E-1888.

Monday, the 21st, bright and hot. I had a bad night because of a light I could not turn out and the compartment was full of buzzing flies and mosquitoes that were a pest. When daylight came I saw that we were traversing a region new to me because I passed through it in the night on the trip out. Mountains were close up and covered with green scrub growth and a few scattering trees. For an hour or more we followed a small stream about twenty yards wide that flowed swiftly over a rocky bed. Lower down the valley broadened out to a mile or more in width in which were fields of wheat, maize, potatoes, and the fields were dotted with walnut and fruit trees. At 8 a.m. we reached a lake that appeared to be two miles across and several miles long. Near it were orchards of apple, cherry, plum, and other fruit trees, twenty to thirty feet high, and loaded with fruit. This section was quite attractive. At 9 a.m. we reached Ismet off which were anchored several ancient warships. From this point on I had seen all that was to be seen on the trip out. I noticed that many of the laborers in the fields were women. They wore loose trousers and an apron behind. ~~xxx~~

Sentari was reached at 11.45, where I employed a guide for 500 piasters to take charge of my baggage and see me through to the hotel in ~~Stambul~~, the local name for Constantinople on the other side of the strait. We reached the hotel in less than an hour. My first inquiry was as to when the first ship left for Constantinople, and was informed that it would be on Thursday, and that the cost would be 5,200 piasters as against 6,500 piasters by rail and three days time.

Immediately after luncheon I went to the office of the American Express Company and purchased some Turkish money and steamer and railway tickets to Bucharest. On the way back I left

(1926, June, Constantinople.

E--1889.

films with a photographer to be developed. At the hotel I made up my laundry, and then took a hot bath and a long nap.

After supper I asked the hotel porter if there was any theater or other place of amusement in the city where a man might spend the evening. He said there was none at that time of year. Feeling the need of some bright lights after my Angora experience I went to "Mike's Place" kept by ~~the~~^a German and sat at a little table and had a glass of beer. I was joined by a good looking, stout, middle aged woman who spoke very good English. She asked for a smoke and something to drink and I ordered a package of cigarettes and a glass of beer, for which she seemed to be very grateful. She was agreeable but dignified and talked interestingly of the places she had visited in Europe. She said she was from Poland and had travelled as a professional dancer with a troupe of musicians and actors. Then she asked me to buy one of her photographs, which I did for about ten cents. It showed her as an attractive young woman in tights. Throughout her conversation she was as decorous and dignified as if we had been sitting in an American church. ^P After she left a little Greek girl came to my table. She could speak no English but knew a few words of French and German. The price of her company was a package of cigarettes and a glass of wine. She did not seem to be over fifteen and was as pretty as a picture with white skin, pink cheeks, a perfect form, full breasts, a slim waist, dainty hands and feet, a lovely face, black eyes, and black hair that hung in long curls about her face and over her shoulders. After asking me to dance with her and hearing me decline, she sat contentedly at my side smiling and very demure. She was a lovely little creature and seemed out of place in a cheap restaurant. When she suggested more drinks and I shook my head, she smiled, got up, and went to another table.

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(1926, June, Constantinope.

E--1890.

Tuesday, the 29th, was clear and hot. After breakfast I walked down the hill and found a shoe polishing establishment. On my way I discovered that I had left the hotel with nothing to smoke. Stopping at a newsstand that also sold cigars, I pointed to one, lit it, and then asked the price. It was of the two-cent variety, but the price here was the equivalent of fifty cents. Inasmuch as I could not return the cigar, I paid the price asked, with the mental vow that I would not be caught that way again. While having^m my shoes polished I watched the procession of porters going up the steep stairsteps of the hill, carrying on their backs enormous bales and boxes, They were red in the face and dripping with perspiration, and their tongues were hanging out--a most painful sight to see. I took snap shots of some of them. I stopped at the photographers and got my prints, most of which were satisfactory. In the afternoon I wrote some letters.

~~(Dragoni, June 29, gray folder. omit~~

(Wife / same.

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(Present, June 29, Gray folder. only)

(Wife, same.)

~~1890--a~~ 2098

"Constantinople, 29 June 1926.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"A week has passed since I wrote you from Constantinople. The first three days of last week I put in visiting the American Consul and the officials of the American Legation, in trying to get a police permit to go to Angora, and in sightseeing. They were the last three days of 'Bairam,' the Turkish Easter, and but little business can be done while it lasts. Not being able to read the street or tram car signs or to ask questions in Turkish, and not wishing to be bothered with a guide, I just explored and did most of it afoot. As Constantinople is built on a succession of high hills, almost mountains, that cluster about the harbor and overlook the ~~Sea~~ of Marmora and the Strait of Bosphorus, and as the streets are very narrow and crooked and often without cross streets for half a mile, and sometimes are simply blind alleys, I did a lot of unnecessary walking, but probably saw some things that most tourists do not see.

"The city is divided by an arm of the sea called the Golden Horn, on one side of which is the old city of ^eStamboul with its great mosques, and on the other side is the modern city of Pera. Across the Strait opposite ^eStamboul is Scutari in Asia Minor. The Bosphorus separates Europe and Asia and here is about as wide as the Mississippi River. The Strait and the harbor are full of shipping of every description. The best views of the city are to be had from the water or from the great bridge that crosses the Golden Horn. Constantinople is as dirty as Naples, and smells as bad. It has miles of ramshackle dwellings, made of wood that was never painted, and they all look lopsided as if they might tumble ^bdown at any moment. The streets are mere alleys paved with cobblestones. Nearly every house has a projecting balcony and the lower halves of all windows

Constantinople, 29 June 1925.

"Dear Mamma and Papa:

"A week has passed since I wrote you from Constantinople. The first three days of last week I put in visiting the American Consul and the officials of the American Legation, in trying to get a police permit to go to Angora, and in sightseeing. They were the last three days of 'Balkan', the Turkish Easter, and but little business can be done while it lasts. Not being able to read the street or tram car signs or to ask questions in Turkish, and not wishing to be bothered with a guide, I just explored and did most of it alone. As Constantinople is built on a succession of high hills, almost mountains, that cluster about the harbor and overlook the Sea of Marmara and the Strait of Bosphorus, and as the streets are very narrow and crooked and often without cross streets for half a mile, and sometimes are simply blind alleys, I did a lot of unnecessary walking, but probably saw some things that most tourists do not see.

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are covered with a fine lattice to prevent outsiders from seeing in within.

"Thursday I got my special permit to visit Angora. When I first came I had to fill out a blank on the boat in which I gave my personal history, where from, the hotel I was going to, how long I intended to stay, where I intended to go next, and my business. When I reached the hotel I filled out another blank to the same effect. A third was filled out the day I left and I had to furnish five copies of my passport photograph. Same thing at Angora on arriving and leaving, and the same thing again when I returned. At Angora the official at the police office got very much exercised because I could not give him the name of the street and the number of the house in which I was born. This was a little strange, because I was told that in $\&$ Turkey, except in the larger cities, streets have no names and houses have no numbers; also that most of the inhabitants do not know their family or tribal names, and that many men bear the same name in the same village, so that if you want to see Mustafa Bey (Mr. Smith) or Suleiman Bey (Mr. Jones) you must ask for the fat Smith by the river, or the thin Jones at the foot of the mountain.

"Thursday afternoon I crossed the Bosphorus in a large ferry boat that was crowded with people and on the other side I and my five pieces of baggage were deposited in a sleeping compartment of the train which left at 4.30 p.m. Until 8 o'clock that evening the road followed the shore of a branch of the Sea of Marmora to the city of Ismet. It is a beautiful sheet of water, clear blue with rocky shores, is from two to five miles wide, and on either side are mountains, some bare and some partly wooded, with little patches and ribbons of ripe grain on the sides.

"Friday forenoon we were riding through a dry land country

much like portions of Colorado, a country of barren hills and mountains, with small fields of very poor wheat, barley, and oats on the flats along a small muddy stream about the size of Rock Creek, which the train followed for several hours. The ground was so dry that it was checkered with great cracks. The grain was so thin on the ground, the straw so short and the heads so small that I doubt if it will make more than five or six bushels to the acre. It was dead~~r~~ ripe and was being harvested by men and women with little hand sickles. The women wore loose baggy trousers of bright colored calico tied at the ankle, with an aporn behind, their faces partly covered with a cloth tied around the head, and they certainly are odd looking creatures. At one place I saw wheat being threshed. It was spread in a circle on the ground and an ~~bx~~ was pulling a small stone roller over it. I saw many plows made of crooked sticks, and a number of ox-carts with solid wooden wheels cut from large trees. Besides many of our familiar weeds I saw patches of wild hollyhocks with pretty pink blossoms. Cherries, apricots, and pears are ripe and very plentiful, but they are grown only where there is irrigation.

"Reached Angora about noon and drove to the Hassan Bey Hotel, which had been recommended to me by the American Legation. When I saw it I thought a mistake had been made, because it was back in a narrow alley that was crowded with villainous looking loafers and was nothing more than a native private dwelling pressed into service as a hotel. I was given a small room with one window, an iron bed, a little pine table, two chairs and a wash basin, all of which I later found was costing me \$3.00 per day without meals. In all hotels in this country they add 20% for government tax and 10% for service, and in addition you are expected to tip everybody in sight whether he does anything for you or not. Then, too, whenever you

buy anything in a store two and a half per cent is added to the price for 'consumption tax.' So far as I know everything is taxed except air. One has to buy water to drink and pay a tax on that. I never thought I would pay good money for water outside of the U.S., but am doing that here because in the hotel restaurant I can get nothing else. This is a prohibition country on account of the Mahometan religion, except that foreigners can obtain alcoholic liquors in a few places where it is sold--and I commend to the attention of all fanatical prohibitionists the general character of the Turkish people as a result of centuries of abstention from alcohol. It's really a good subject for American reformers to think about.

"I had trouble in finding the American Legation because so few people speak French. I asked a policeman, who took me to an army officer, who took me to a restaurant, where I found a waiter who was able to direct me. At the Legation I found Melik Bey (Bey means Mister) who gave me a lot of information. In the evening we ^{had} ~~took~~ supper at a restaurant with Dr. and Mrs. ^{Allen} ~~Collins~~, who are in this country for the Rockefeller Institute trying to help solve the malaria problem. The next day I spent with the officials of the Ministry of Agriculture and the Central Bureau of Statistics, all of whom could speak French and some of them English. All promised cooperation in the census project.

"Angora is a very old walled town on top of a high steep hill. Portions of the great wall are constructed of remains of old Roman and Greek temples and one sees in it pieces of broken marble columns, pedestals, basreliefs, and tablets with inscriptions. At the foot of the hill a new town is building. Many new buildings are under construction and it looks much like one of our western mining towns. The building is being done largely by German and Hungarian engineers and native labor. Also the town

is full of native Turks who loaf all day and probably all night in the narrow streets discussing politics, smoking and dozing. In some places it is difficult to get through the streets on account of the crowds of these loafers. Not many of them wear their native costumes, but those that are worn are invariably in tatters and show no signs of ever having been washed or mended. There are many loathsome beggars in Turkey, more than any other place I have seen-- especially wrinkled old hags who look as if they might be over sixty years old, but with very young babies in their arms.

"Sunday I went with some of the government officials in a high-powered machine to inspect the new laboratories and the agricultural school some miles out from the city. It was a trying ride facing a strong wind that was so full of dust one could not see ten yards in any direction. The road was rough and the driver took us at full speed.

"From the top of the hill that is crowned by the old town one has a magnificent view of the surrounding country, which is an undulating plain, covered with grain farms and pastures, and surrounded on all sides by mountains. Angora was made the new capital of Turkey since the great war. This region is famous for Angora goats and Angora cats, and Angora white rabbits. Sorry I could ^{not} send an Angora kitten to Thelma and a rabbit to Otis.

"Sunday afternoon I started for Constantinople and arrived here Monday noon. My next objective is Bucharest, but I cannot leave until Thursday, July 1, on account of boat and train connections. This enforced stay gives me an opportunity to write up my reports and get off letters. At Bucharest I shall expect to receive letters from home. I am heartily tired of Constantinople and hope I may never see it again.

"With love and kisses for all, from

"Daddy."

Wednesday, June 30, some beautiful clouds and not so excessively hot. Wrote some letters, got my transportation from the American Express, and after a long search and many inquiries bought a small bottle of mucilage. Also explored the business section systematically for eating places and found an Italian restaurant where I had an excellent bowl of soup and a bottle of wine. The wine cost 65 cents, as compared with 12 cents for the same brand in Italy. I sat at a table by ^{an open} window next to an alley. While eating luncheon a most engaging ~~Egyptian or Turkish~~ *Gypsy* girl ^{of ten or twelve} stood outside, smiled persistently, held out her hand and in English asked for five piasters. I asked her why she wanted five piasters. She said she had a little baby and a sister at home. I asked if it was her baby. She said no, shook her head, and with a smile offered to show me her sore toe. I asked if she was hungry, because I suspected she was by the way she eyed the food on my table, and she said she was. I passed out half a loaf of bread to her and she went across the alley, sat on the ground, ate the bread and smiled at me. She displayed all the goodnatured gratitude of a hungry puppy. Before leaving I motioned to her and gave her the five piasters she had asked for, thinking as I did so, "Hang it all, I'm corrupting her morals, but she has earned it by her smiles, her endearing ways, and by entertaining me."

In the afternoon I wrote a report to the chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. In the evening I sat awhile in "Mike's Place," with the little Greek girl at my side. As on the previous day she was very decorous and proper, sitting contentedly at my side and puffing cigarettes, and smiling responsively and engagingly every time I looked at her, ~~and~~ she was worth looking at, because she was a picture of living, youthful, female beauty.

(Cooper, June 30, gray folder.

Wednesday, June 30, some beautiful clouds and not so excessively hot. Wrote some letters, got my transportation from the American Express, and after a long search and many inquiries bought a small bottle of mullage. Also explored the business section systematically for eating places and found an Italian restaurant where I had an excellent bowl of soup and a bottle of wine. The wine cost 65 cents, as compared with 12 cents for the same brand in Italy. I sat at a table by a window next to an ^{an open} alley. While eating I had a most engaging Egyptian or Turkish girl stood outside, smiled persistently, held out her hand and in English asked for five piasters. I asked her why she wanted five piasters. She said she had a little baby and a sister at home. I asked if it was her baby. She said no, shook her head, and with a smile offered to show me her sore toe. I asked if she was hungry, because I suspected she was by the way she eyed the food on my table, and she said she was. I passed out half a loaf of bread to her and she went across the alley, sat on the ground, ate the bread and smiled at me. She displayed all the goodnatured gratitude of a hungry puppy. Before leaving I motioned to her and gave her the five piasters she had asked for, thinking as I did so, "Hang it all, I'm corrupting her morals, but she has earned it by her smiles, her endearing ways, and by entertaining me."

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"Constantinople, 30 June 1926.

"Dear Mr. Cooper:

"Printed copies of the bulletin, in French, outlining the world census project and setting forth the standard form of census ~~scéé~~ schedule as approved by the last General Assembly, were handed to me on June 3. The following morning I left Rome to visit the agricultural departments and statistical bureaus of Europe to get their reaction on the project, to explain details and answer questions, to get the responsible officials to pledge their support and cooperation so far as practicable, and incidentally to learn as much as possible in a short time of their organization and methods and of their agriculture.

"During the month of June I visited Belgrade, Sofia, Athens, and Angora, the new capital of Turkey. At each place I met the proper officials, discussed the project with them, and have their earnest assurance that they will do all in their power to cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture in taking the agricultural census of 1930 and in improving their system of annual statistics. I feel that I have met with more success than I had reason to expect.

"I have made many observations and taken many notes, but they are too extensive to transcribe en route. Briefly, the statistical bureaus of Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey are undermanned and the organization, equipment and service inadequate. Bulgaria has a well organized and well equipped central statistical bureau. All of these countries are desperately poor, are staggering under the financial burden of maintaining relatively large military establishments which they feel is necessary for self-defence, and in order to raise revenue they are taxing everything except air.

"Crops in Italy look well and promise a good yield. Yugo-

slavia has had almost too much rain and there was apprehension that the wheat crop was injured. Crop prospects in Bulgaria were excellent, except in the south where there has been insufficient rain. Greece is suffering for rain and the yield of wheat and other crops will be reduced on that account. Northern Turkey has suffered from a severe drouth and crop prospects are poor. From Constantinople to Angora, a rail journey of 19 hours, the farming is strictly dry-land, and wheat, barley, and oats stand so thin on the ground, with straw so short and heads so small, that the average yield cannot be over five or six bushels per acre.

"Agriculture & in south Europe and Asia Minor is exceedingly primitive--wooden plows and few of them, maize, cotton, and tobacco planted broadcast, hit or miss, cultivation entirely by hand, grain harvesting with little toy hand sickles, mostly by women, threshing with oxen or flails, carts with solid wooden wheels cut from logs, pitch-forks made from branches of trees, & standard of living close to zero, etc.

"Apparently most of southern Europe is semiarid, and the amount of human labor expended in eking out a bare existence is incredible. My experience in Greece and Turkey was interesting but not very agreeable. I am hoping that the countries farther north are less torrid, more humid, more civilized, and enjoy a higher standard of living. Conditions here are worse than I have seen elsewhere.

"Greece has gone back to the old Turkish system of tithes, collecting five per cent of the value of all agricultural products, and farming out to Jews the privilege of collecting the tax. Turkey taxes everything except air, and one has to pay for every drop of water he drinks. To all hotel bills 20% is added for the f government and 10% for what is called 'service,' and when the guest victim

departs the entire hotel personnel lines up with their hands out for tips. To the sale price of every article one buys in a store 2 1/2 per cent is added as a 'consumption' tax. And so on ad infinitum. An American begins to realize why the U.S. is generally regarded as the great el dorado of the world, a sort of earthly paradise, to which all human beings should emigrate whenever possible. I wish some of our farmers and other good citizens who feel that their situation is hard might realize how well off they are in comparison with the citizens of southern Europe.

"I leave tomorrow for Bucharest and thence to Budapest and Vienna. I am heartily tired of Turkey, especially Constantinople. I lost five days last week because of 'Bairam,' the Turkish Easter, and Friday, which is the Turkish Sabbath. I lose ~~W~~ three days this week because of sailing dates and poor train connections. I shall hope for better luck in future.

"With best regards, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director of World Census Project."

